

DISSERTATIONS,

E S S A Y S,

A N D

DISCOURSES, &c.

In PROSE and VERSE.

By Dr. FORTESCUE.

VOL. I.



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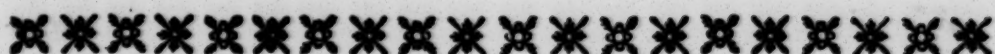


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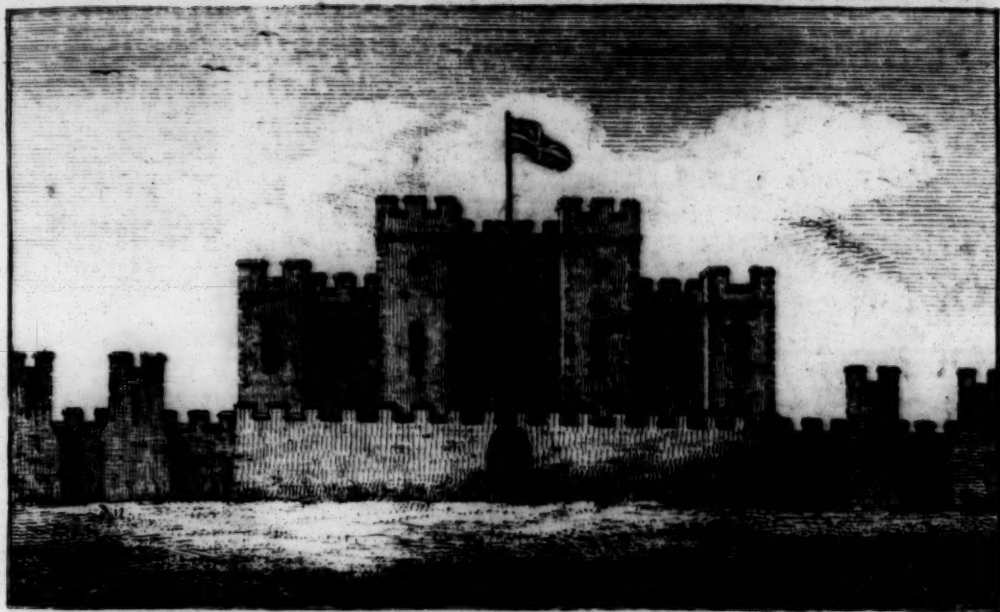
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CASTLE-HILL.

ON groveling themes, rude, unharmonious lays
 Whilom I sung, as wand'ring round the verge
 Of steep *Parnassus*, pleas'd a flower to cull,
 Or sprig to gather from the antique wreath
 Of laurel'd bards, amusive in the toil
 Of anxious thoughts, when fancy's flattering form
 For inspiration serv'd. A loftier strain
 If trembling I attempt, of *Phæbus*' choir,

(If of that choir I am, who never drank
 Of stream *Castalian*, or enraptur'd lay
 On fam'd *Parnassus*', or *Olympus*' mount,)
 The least, and lowliest; Thou, much honour'd, thou,
 Who lov'st the subject, deign'st t' inspire the song.

Beneath this Castle's awful brow, from whence
 The eye excursive flies o'er barren heaths
 Of *Ex*, or *Dartmoor*; or the sea-girt Isle
 Of *Lundy*; or those distant cloud-top'd hills,
Hingston, or *Rowtor*; to return well-pleas'd,
 This hospitable dome to view, these greens,
 These lawns, these groves, these vistas wide, which
 vie,

If not in pomp, yet elegance of taste,
 With those of *Stow*, of *Marli*, or *Versailles*.
 Let us, from councils and a nation's care,
 Whilst I detain thee, if thou can'st forgive,
 With curious search, on Fancy's wing upborn,
 What nature art-improv'd presents, survey:
 Perfect epitome of both, this plan,
 Worthy a *Maro*'s, or a *Homer*'s muse,
 To mine, tho' far unequally confign'd;
 An arduous task, yet no ungrateful theme.

And thou, who erst, on fam'd *Arcadia*'s plain,
 Did'st give the soul, with rapturous fire to glow,

Lend me the *Doric* reed ; that tuneful reed,
Pleasing to antient shepherds, which the swains
Have often heard, when e'er the *British* muse,
In *Windsor's* shady bow'rs, impassion'd lay,
So sweetly singing in the *Twick'nam* bard.

Nor yet refuse, pattern of every grace,
Daughter of peerless mien, thou angel-form,
Thou loveliest of thy female train, to hear,
What nature prompts, and gratitude inspires.
Nor think it less respectful, though no art,
Nor flattery should attempt t' adorn thee, rob'd
In native innocence, and graceful worth,
The brightest ornaments of female minds,
Surpassing all of art, by vulgar souls
Unknown, unrelish'd, and by her alone,
Who knows, who most possesses, best describ'd.
Thou wilt disdain th' adulterate blasts, that try,
By venal praise, to please Thee, 'bove all praise.

If unaffected plainness has it's charms ;
If unadorn'd simplicity can please ;
If rural walks, if lawns delight thee more,
Than nature tortur'd by excess of art ;
Lo! groves, fit haunts of antient *Druids*, such
As shepherds would frequent for umbrage kind,
Or softly sing in, warbling out their lays

Symphonious, while the vocal trees around
Responding echo, sweet to serenade
Yon weary pilgrim, passing now the round
Of life with vigour, chanting to His praise,
Who gave us these, at no expence t' enjoy
The fruit of all His labours, and His wealth,
Not hoarded, miser-like, but, as the sun,
Dispensing rays on all; well pleas'd to chear;
Sufficient, if it sees, that all rejoice
Beneath it's influence; if the drooping flowers
Raise their diminish'd heads; if warbling birds
Tune their love notes to thee, though wanting none,
Reflecting all the tribute of their thanks.

Say not of *Saltram's* views, or *Edgecombe's* mount,
Though beautiful, and far exceeding praise:
As *Venice* tow'rs emerging from the waves;
As *Chatworth* rises o'er the neighb'ring plains,
'Midst barren lands more striking; this fair seat
Charms with more beauty from the distant wilds.
Proudly the peasant points to waving woods,
Which late a barren waste appear'd; "there mounts
" In goodly order rose; there vallies sunk;"
Where ill-shap'd precipices pendent seem'd
To topple headlong, mark'd by *Clinton's* hand;
He saw the *Bray*, with more than wonted lapse,

C A S T L E - H I L L.

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Flowing loquacious, or meandering through
Those meads, (where osiers, and rough rushes grew)
Smiling with close-shorn grafs, with trees high-
crown'd,

That deck each side, and grace each summit's brow.
Not with less wonder *Cadmus* from the fields
Saw armed hosts spring up in rank, and file,
Like those well-marshal'd trees, which spread around
Umbragious, and a waving forest shew.

How in th' autumnal evenings have I heard,
From their aerial citidels, the rooks
Loud-clam'rous, and like adverse troops advance.
Now vollies, on the echoing vollies, rise
Louder, and louder yet, the grove resounds,
More heighten'd by the stillness of the eve.
Such were the groves of *Tusculum*, where once
The Roman orator retiring gave
His hours to study, and to *Rome* his soul.
Lo! where the river-god, with transport, sees
The rock-work bridge, in stately pomp, reflect
New beauties to his stream, which under flows,
True semblance of it's founder's generous heart,
Pure as his taste, and as his wealth diffuse:
Not the *Æmilian* with more beauty rose,
Though grac'd by emp'rors, and all *Rome* rever'd.

Large dreary deserts, and hot burning sands
Wide stretching *Ægypt's* pyramids survey
Disconsolate. With better omens rais'd
These obelisks, with modest pride, o'erlook
Rich vales, superior to the *Memphian* groves,
Well cultivated lands, forth beaming marks
Of industry, with golden harvests crown'd.
With far more rapture, *Albion's* monarch sees
His well-improv'd domains, of arts the seat,
Of industry, of trade the thriving mart,
Under his reign made happy, great, and brave,
Than proud *Hispania*, o'er her wide expanse
Of sway despotic, o'er exhausted states,
O'er plunder'd provinces, o'er crouded slaves
Unletter'd, poor amidst all *India's* gold.

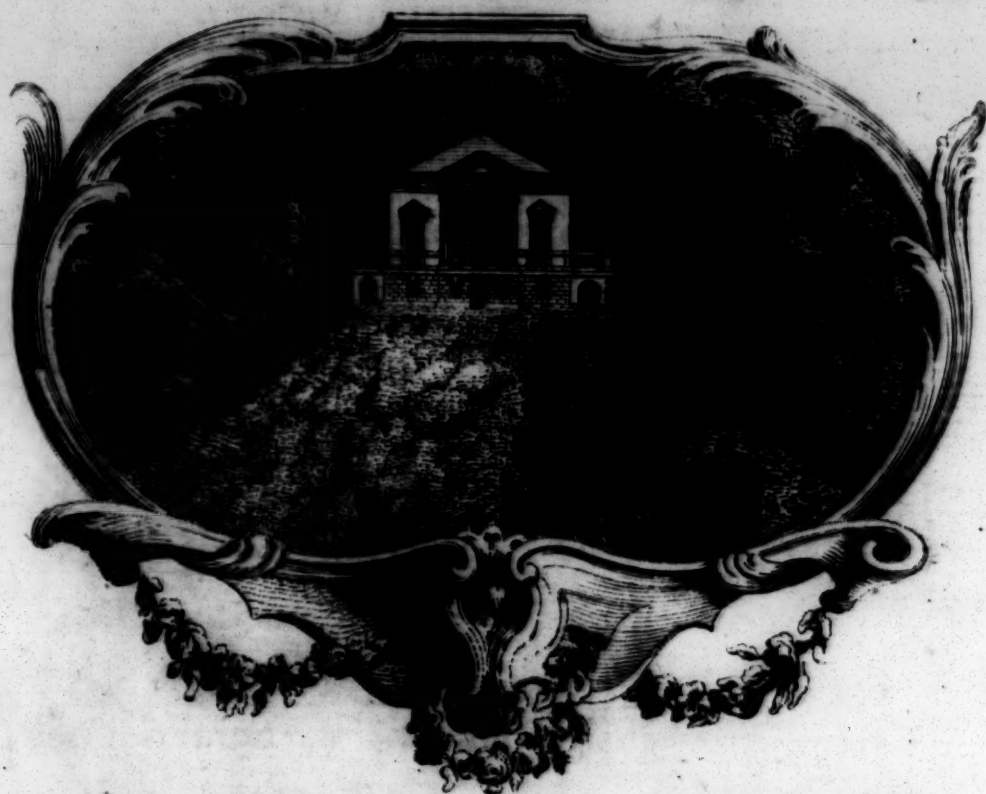
Thessalian Tempe blooms but in the song
Of flow'ry bards: would'st Thou it's image see?
Come then along the margin of this grove,
Where flow'rets, like Thyself, are blooming fair,
All nature gayly smiling at Thy sight:
Lo! what a view, as copious as thy mind,
Around us spreads, beyond the pencil's pow'r,
Or nicest touch of imitative art!
The landscape, from the rugged mountains, smiles,
With soften'd beauty; far as th' aching sight
Can penetrate, in rows the tufted trees

The border fringe, the verdant flow'ry vest !

Here no extended tedious flat to tire
The eye ; but hills, and dales, in varied form,
Delightfully engaging ; murmuring rills,
And moss-grown caves, and silver streams, that run,
Meandering by the flow'ry banks, which shew
The velvet lap of nature.—Yonder see,
How beautiful that rising colonnade,
And arch triumphal strike th' admiring eye,
In just proportion ! architecture there
Has lavish'd all her store ! *Palladio* might
With envy view it ! Thence, beneath, the slope
Comes gradually descending, where the waves,
The hedge-row elms, and neighb'ring slopes, and
grotts,
And flowering shrubs imbosom'd deep, reflect,
All dancing to the margin of the stream !
There high imbower'd, within these shady groves,
How sweet the glassy surface, where the skiff
Glides smoothly on, or tilts upon the tide !
Fair bubbles, gaudy emptiness, there float,
Emblems of pride, in fancy's flowery garb,
Reflective of the many colour'd bow,
Awhile attractive of an idiot gaze ;
Till, by an adverse wind of fortune, tost,
To the same meanness, whence they rose, they sink.

While the bright finny breed, the nimble trout
Leaps to the fly in gay disport ; Lo ! death,
Lurking in ambush, seizes on it's prey,
Guiltless itself, and unsuspecting guile.
A fatal thirst of honour, or of gain,
The thoughtless oft deceives ; who greedy catch
A flying shadow or a gilded hook.
But there, within that stranger-loving dome,
Lurks no deceit, nor fly insidious guile,
But freedom, and it's sweet companion, mirth,
Fills up the bowl, and pours the health to Thee,
And all the friends of *Albion* ; where the poor
Ne'er pine in vain ; and where the thirsty friend
Large draughts, capacious, as the donor's soul,
Imbibes refreshing, and the famish'd rise
Exulting, and with me a blessing leave.

Swift as the steeds, by fightless poet sung,
Far as creation's ample stretch, the eye
Would glance excursive : but thy ample port
O *Barum* ! yet detains it, and that dome,
Which *Basset* deigns to honour : here, if worth
Deserve the lay, the muse it's lay must give
To *Myra*, fairest of the thousands fair,
Amidst *Devonia's* beauties ; her to slight
Would be to Grace, and every Love, a crime.
But cease, — yon elegant delightful feat,



Awaits your coming : nature spreads her charms
To meet you, and the flow'rs your impress kiss :
In gratulation *Flora* at your feet
Her loveliest honour lays, and round you breathes
The perfum'd breath of sense-regaling sweets.
Where garrulous, the pebbled channel down,
The riv'let glides ; where woods umbragious part
The sound admit, and part exclude ; where woods,
For contemplation meet ; where gently sooth'd,
By the soft murmurs of the gliding brook,
The mind, in placid mood, aerial mounts
Above the fetid earth, to purer climes,
Free as the air, unbounded as the heav'ns,

x C A S T L E - H I L L.

From human eye recluse, to his alone
Pervious, who darts through all the boundless spheres,
Gives to the soul her native flight, above
These grosser clouds to soar beyond the skies.

Let sweet remembrance of past pleasures say,
How, with thy *Lelius*, o'er these verdant lawns,
We jocund stray'd, and how, in *Bourbon's* car,
The milk-white steeds convey'd us through those
glades,

By hanging woods, and rivers serpentine,
And grottos green, and vistas op'ning wide,
By mounts, cascades, and fountains, murmur'ing rills,
Inviting solitude, and studious thought.

More blest those souls congenial, who, in song
United, as in love, hours dull, or fleet
Here solace, or, with philosophic talk,
Improve, and lengthen! *Eden's* blestful bow'rs
Thus heard the happy pair, while woods, while
hills

Re-echo'd to their harmony — This vale,
And yonder pendent wood, and hillocks green,
And yonder moss-grown grotts record the lays!
Ye falling fountains, and swift-flowing streams
Convey their dulcet strains to other lands!
And all ye feather'd tribes, who charm these woods,
Whether on tufted trees, or sunny banks,

Ye thrushes, and ye linnets learn of them,
And, gentlest zephyrs, whisper how they love !
With strains, like theirs, *Cecilia*, maid divine !
Was fam'd, from heav'n, angelic hosts to draw.



Such heard the mansions of the holy seer,
Whose loss in pensive mood we must deplore.
Here slowly solemn let the travellers tread
With reverent step, on gravest thoughts intent.
Let no rude hasty tread intruding chase
The awful silence of that lonely cell.

With trees in many a row, ascending high,
Behold the mote-confabricated cell !

Grave trunks, like ancient bustoes, on each side,
The area's form theatric grace ; the stream
Before it stretching to a liquid plain.

Here liv'd the holy seer, whose mental eye
Pierc'd through all nature ; thence those truths
he drew,

Worthy a Grecian, or a Roman, sage,
Philosopher, or saint ; whose moral lay
Still faithful memory records ! whose soul,
T'wards heaven ascending, spurn'd all mean pursuits,
And left them to his foes—if foes he had,
So amiable ; the world his chief intent

To benefit, as ever studious how
To please, and profit most. His slight repast
Made him rise agile, to explore the works
Of nature, or that better volume read
Of revelation ; or to spend his time
In meditation, on the ways of God,
Towards mankind — or prune the tender plants,
Lop their excrescencies, or twine the twigs
Luxuriant into order, and now walk
Over the verdant lawn, inhaling health
At every pore, and sense from every weed.

Here, to the cataracts' loud-sounding voice,
Or sooth'd by murmurs of yon gentler stream,
Adown the pebbled channel gliding soft,

And less loquacious ; or, as fancy led,
 To the wild tumult of the whistling winds,
 He rais'd his voice, sonorous to the cries,
 Now sharpen'd high, now, with the deep'ning sound,
 Sunk to the lowest bass — himself attun'd
 To nature's harmony : for though, without,
 Was jarring discord, all within was peace.
 Hail, solitary, close sequester'd cell !
 Woe-soothing, hail ! thou gentle, calm recess,
 Which knows no trouble, which nor cares molest !
 Where heavenly peace with contemplation dwells,
 Where cross'd ambition, where successful love,
 O'er dying embers, story-telling mates
 Delight to interchange each other's grief,
 And by partaking lessen — cease my soul —
 Here rest the weary ; disappointment finds
 A cure, and here humility looks great !

Here to his mem'ry due the sacred pile
 Augustly solemn rises : here his book,
 And utensils are seen, but few indeed,
 For one content enough ; which piety
 Holds sacred—but himself is no where found !
 Hence, left a love of solitude, or care,
 Result of life, each travelling pilgrim's lot,
 Heart-galling pangs, or fear of injur'd fame,
 Or with'ring blast of slander undeserv'd,

Or sad remembrance of defeated hopes,
Or well laid schemes abortive made, or stings
Of zeal intemperate, or rival pow'r,
Or griding tooth of obloquy, foul fiend,
Or jaundice envy, or fore snarling hate,
Or indignation at prevailing crimes,
Should make us hermits, and the world renounce;
Or slighted love's deep-galling shaft, too much
Indulg'd, unman us—or left gall, or spleen
Shou'd sour those happy seats; to gayer scenes
Of life repair, for life's important task,
Not trifling fond amusements call us forth,
Our industry, and all our social acts
Demanding—This the tryal of our strength,
The exercise of virtue, source of health,
Severest labour crown'd with purest joy.
Not by the dull, the abject sons of earth,
Of stupid apathy, and groveling thought
Are arts improv'd, or Britain's fame advanc'd.
Nor dwells the bold sublimity of thought,
Or dignity of act, with gloomy minds.
No, life requires the busy active soul,
Studious to plan, to execute alert.
No love of glory, and no thirst of praise
Awake those dull lethargic souls to fight,
Boldly to vindicate our injur'd rights,

C A S T L E - H I L L. xv

Or rein the furious steed, or rampart scale,
Or gather laurels on th' ensanguin'd field.

See the bold hunters stretching o'er the plain !
No sleepless nights, no melancholy dull,
Hatching dark murderous thoughts, their souls
torment,

Nor lustful appetite, nor brutal force
Affail. Their minds quick energetic spring,
Dauntless, as lions bearing on their prey,
No dangers hurt, — they triumph in their toils !

Thence to *Outbarton*, where fair [*Hebe* smiles,
As jocund mirth leads up the festive dance,
Or where the whirring pheasants wildly fly,
Or tamely cower beneath a friendly roof,
Or to the *Fort's* bold battlements, which pour
From folding doors, like flood-gates, opening wide,
No armed legions, drunk with human gore,
But deep-mouth'd harriers thirsting for the chase ;
Or when the hunters sweep the level lands,
When bending o'er their coursers' arched necks,
Like them, they seem to swallow up the plains :
Or to those spacious ponds, where carp, where
tench

Sport in the sun-beam's all enliv'ning heat :
Or where the wild fowl take their airy flight,

In many a winding circuit, round the vale :
Or when, from hounds pursuing swift, the deer,
To feed forgetting, fly to farthest plains ;
Fear lends them wings, and every thicket fear ;
Sports fit for heroes, not unworthy kings !
Such exercise, partakes the healthful swain ;
And long, ye swains, the jovial chace enjoy,
To us, hard fate ! deny'd ; in college coop'd,
Sequester'd from the world, and social life,
As useless deem'd, unpitied, and forgot.

Where to the murmurs of the falling stream,
The hoary Sybil melancholy fits,
Lift'ning, voluminous how echo rolls
Through all the windings of her mazy cell ;
Lo ! what a scene grotesque, and wild ! the bridge
How ivy-mantled, how white foaming floods
Precipitate, in many a founding lapse ;
Thus in the vaulted sewers which *Nero* built,
Like those conflicting passions, that impell'd
His raging soul to rapes, revenge, and blood,
Waves on waves tumbling many a fathom send
Their hollow bellowings to th' astonish'd ear.
See here, the pendent slopes, with nodding boughs
The cave antique o'ershadowing ; underneath

The green-leaf shrubs, the craggy rocks among,
Rejoicing spread! above, what branching trees,
Where downy moss a pleasing couch subtends,
And the tall beech a chequer'd shade diffuse!
See (where the branches, culminating, form
A walk much lov'd, frequented oft,) the seat,
High canopied; beneath a spreading beech
Umbragious, solitude, inviting shade!
Where *Lyttelton* (while o'er the trembling leaves
Whisper, in passing gales, instructive lays,
And the pure stream, meand'ring at his feet,
Glides gently on, the verdant lawns around
Smiling, while woods the raptur'd sight oppose)
The muses' patron, and his country's friend,
Is wont, in rural dignity, t' indulge
His thoughts, from philosophic schools imbib'd;
That his Ilyssus, this th' Athenian grove!
Or with the *Greek*, or *Roman* sage converse,
Or with *Palladio*, *Albert*, or our *Jones*,
Measure the modern, with the antique plans,
Magnificent in ruins; then deplore
The waste of all-devouring time, still pleas'd,
Within these scenes, to see these sacred plans,
In living images, so rare! restor'd.
Or, on his *Lucy*, envy of her sex!
In whom, with every shining art improv'd,

Was dignity ; with winning sweetness join'd,
Was love, and gravity, refin'd with grace !
As when, at *Ebrington*, or these fair scenes,
Herself much fairer, first he saw her move
With all *Eve's* majesty, of aspect mild,
With ev'ry charm refulgent, every grace,
A Goddess forth she walked; flowers, where she trod,
Unbidden rose ; nor earth a worthier charge
Receiv'd, nor heav'n (too soon) a lovelier saint !
Still, from his eye, starts forth the sudden tear,
Still, on his thoughts, the lov'd idea dwells,
Oft as he sees his other self reviv'd ;
With his her tender features all express'd,
All the dear parent in the child renew'd,
The unpremeditated sigh betrays
The sad remembrance of what once she was !
Pensively musing, as in thought he plans
Another monody, like her, sublime.

Near him the dove her partner lost laments,
Ah ! too untimely lost ! and vainly tries
To imitate the poet in her plaint :
Fain would sweet *Philomel* her grief indulge,
From him made eloquent, and teach the vale,
From him, to echo,—in less moving strains.

Here slopes descending gradual ; on each side,
The chrystal stream meandring flows, the woods

Ascending mutual nod; while down the vale,
The deep-embofom'd obelisk it's head
Just raises o'er the shadowy ranks, beyond
The arch triumphal, on an em'nence rear'd,
But by the azure bounded, proudly o'er
Each varied vista looks, and shuts each scene.

Here the light fabrick, of the *Chinese* art,
Let me survey, though not of empty toys
A fond admirer; yet, where genius, taste,
Where elegance of thought commands our praise,
Where beauty striking bears away the soul;
Not to admire is not to be a man.

What beauteous temples, as on fairy land,
Around us rise! with shady groves o'erspread:
With darksome yews, black firs, and laurels green,
What beauty heighten'd, by surrounding gloom!
As fairest portraits, by *Apelles'* hand
Depicted, these shall ages hence, with pride,
Boast what a *Clinton's* livelier art design'd.

Survey that fabrick, such as *Corinth* shew'd
Of art the masterpiece; the pugil there,
Or brawny gladiator,* straining stands,
With force collected, how each vein, each nerve
Swells boldly to the view! his nervous strength

* In the stud of the Corinthian order.

Bespeaks him more than man? the blow he drives,
Full on th' assailant's chest——thus train'd old *Rome*,
By hardy conflict, masters of the world!

Hail to those founts of strength,—*Hygeia* hail!
Hail to the *British Spa*, through alleys green,
And elm-row'd walks, and dew-bespangled lawns,
And that fair vista, where the feather'd tribe
Drink healthful rills, or on their bosom sport,
Or down the vale, o'er yonder rising mount,
And villa, take their long aerial flight
In many a circuit; while behind them flow
Yon eminent * fort, and castle's tow'ring height,
Hills, vales, and mountains stretching to the skies:
Till half fatigu'd, with slacken'd wing they whirl,
Then dash afloat, into the circling wave.

From out that rustic rock, that mote-work'd cell,
How yellow-ting'd, the brackish waters flow,
With plenty to the fields, to man with health!

Thus *Arethusa*, at whose gentle head,
Sicilian swains impassion'd lay; their souls,
To the sweet lapse of murmuring rills attun'd,
Drank inspiration with the flowing stream.

Nature, how bounteous art thou, in thy works;
How provident, for all our num'rous ills!

* In the Saxon order.

This, to th' infirm, is renovated strength :
 The aged hence a second youth receive ;
 The pale nymphs rise, with new-acquired bloom ;
 And lively vigour, love-enkindling warmth,
 Shoot through the veins, and flash in ev'ry eye.
 Here, when each fount a Goddess had, like you,
 Presiding o'er it's streams, predicting what
 In after times should come ; far hence, she said,
 Must I with fair *Astrea* ; yet I see
 As fair arising, whom the poor shall praise,
 Fed by her charity ; the blind shall bless,
 And wish her light could dawn upon their eyes,
 As now her bounty : Children, by her taught,
 Her name shall lisp, which others of Her sex
 With envy hear, yet emulate in vain :
 She shall my fount with better omens rule,
 Bid health gush forth, and strength, from ev'ry
 stream.

I see her coming from the *Cambrian* coast,
 With *Britons'* joint applause, from antient Kings,
 From *Argyle*-Heroes sprung, the virgin comes,
 A Goddess all I ween ! — Blow, blow, ye winds,
 And swiftly waft her to *Devonia's* strand :
 Lo ! *Neptune* calms the sea ; hear, *Nereus*, hear,
 Prophetic sing the hymeneal strain.
 “ Waft her, ye winds, ye zephyrs, gently breathe,

“ Propitious to the nuptials of the fair.”

Lo ! *Hymen* ready stands, and flamen-priests
Prepare to tye th’ indissoluble knot.

Hither be concord, with her sacred band
Of amity, and love ; the smiling hours,
With happier omens, happier years lead on.

Lo ! *Hymen* lifts aloft the nuptial torch,
To light them to the bow’r ; the birds, in pairs,
Fly round them, and the white-rob’d damsels join
In concert to the happy pair. Ye floods,
Ye Nāids, clap your hands, your voices raise,
Sing hymeneals, sing perpetual joys.

Go Goddess fair, with joyful omens go,
A fruitful land awaits thee ! where the *Bray*
Winds his soft warbling course, through flow’ry
meads,

And woods o’er-hanging ; midst a calm recess,
From northern blasts safe shelter’d, to the south
Wide-opening ; underneath a castle’s brow,
With royal streamers waving in the wind ;
Terrestrial paradise of sweets ! for thee
A royal palace stands prepar’d ; with all
Of art, and elegance adorn’d ; within
A noble consort, worthy thy desert,
Waits thy approach,—proceed, ye swiftest winds,
In safety waft her, make such lovers blest.

From them a race of princely babes shall rise,
 Of antient virtues heirs, who, from their fire,
 What, prudence join'd with fortitude avails,
 Will early learn ; transmitting to their sons
 The like examples ; to their fame no bounds
 The fates assign, nor to their race an end !”

Conscious of your inspiring presence, flow
 These health-inspiring, of those better times
 Leaving the signature in golden hue.

Hence ! pale-eyed sickness, with thy train of ills ;
 Hence livid malice, with thy look malign.
 Flow'ry deceit, and dark-designing fraud ;
 Hypocrisy, with cherub-face belied,
 Mask'd hatred, quer'ulous strife, and envy rude,
 With eye oblique, and tongue so wont to rail.

Hygeia there shall lead her lovely train,
 Mirth, with her sweetly-smiling sister Ease,
 White-rob'd Serenity with open face,
Euphrosyne, meek-ey'd, with every charm,
 Simplicity with truth, and candour join'd,
 The laughing hours retarding — years of joy.

Hymen his saffron banner waves, and health
 Her rosy-colour'd mantle spreads ; each grace,
 And every muse in harmony exult.

Thrice welcome, holy, chaste, connubial love,
 With thy associates, innocence, and mirth !

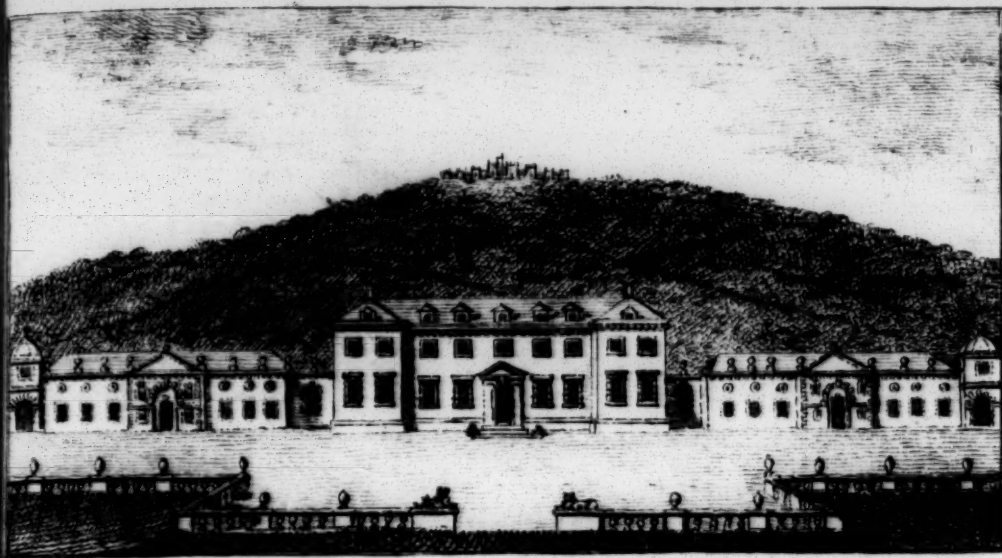
From you shall others to be happy learn,
And your example make a thousand wise.
Hail faithful pair, with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
Blest in yourselves, and in each other blest!
You, could my verse avail, would I commend
The happy patterns of connubial love.
The same, great *Merlin* from his inmost cave
Prophetic spoke, and happier days presag'd
To *Albion's* public weal. When discords cease,
And stern rebellion draws her fury-head
Back to her wily cavern; when her palm
The olive shall extend, and frighted peace
Revisit *Albion's* isle; *Devonia* soon
Shall hail a Goddess from the *Cambrian* coast:
Her's shall it be by ev'ry art t'adorn
This nether orb, to ev'ry eye give joy;
Give grace, give pattern to the *British* fair.
Ev'n now I see the shades of mighty chiefs,
Heroes in ev'ry clime, and age renown'd,
With garlands midst their laurel-crowns bedeck'd
In festive song, and choral symphony
Advance, rejoicing at the publick joy
To see new honours added to their line.
Not with such omens to the *Trojan* shore
Fond *Paris* drew the beauteous bride, less fair,
Less amiable, less virtuous found: From her

A race of nobles — See before them pass,
 Whom to their skies puissant valour lifts,
 Their great examples — first of *Norman* race,
 Great *William's* armour-bearing Hero, prime,
 Midst val'rous knights, most valiant deem'd; see where
 Like a vast promontory's bulk, he stands
 'Gainst storms opposing; or the royal bird
 Swift-darting on his prey resistless rage.
 He, like another *Perseus* * valiant, bold,
 True emblem of our hero, shall destroy
 A daring monster, and his charge relieve.
 See the broad falchion levell'd at the head
 Of *William*, conquering chief, and pendent seems
 Death-threat'ning instantaneous; his *strong shield*
 Oppos'd receives the sounding blow: the Chief
 Such worth rewarding, to his goodliest soil
 Transplanting, him the sacred *Ægis* gave,
 The arms, which he that names, his act records;
 Hence date thy name, hence date th'ennobled line!†
 Next on the bench, directors of the law,
Hibernia, and all *Albion* hail their chiefs,
 Brothers in blood, and equal in renown;
 While *Gallia* boasts a third for arms far fam'd.

* A bas-relievo in the salon.

† See the learned preface to the excellent edition of the
 Chancellor's book, *De laudibus legum Angliæ*, or *Biographia Brit.*

The next, a better fate his worth deserv'd,
Had worth been honour'd, or had arts esteem.
But thou, *Eliza*, wilt with honest zeal
Approve — “ let reputation do the rest :”
Escap'd from rebels, when Erinnyes led
Against their sovereign liege their impious arms,
Behold a martyr to his martyr'd prince !
Fair shall his mem'ry shine in fame's record
Deathless, though wrote in characters of blood !
Others I see, by their examples fir'd,
To birth arising, em'lous of their worth—
But modesty conceals what time will speak,
And envy, not without a blush, must hear !



ASSIST me *Phæbus*, and ye tuneful Nine,
 Patrons of science, favourers of the lay ;
 Attend ye Genii, who delight in song,
 Or works by art improv'd, of taste refin'd.
 And * thou, fair guardian Goddess of this vale,
 Prompt to instruct, to lead, to aid the choir
 Aonian, like thyself, in song t' excell ;
 Thy silver streams, with ready hand, unlock,
 Thy sacred treasure to my view expand ;
 While by thy light each curious art I trace,
 Each line direct, each sentiment exalt,
 Shine on this sketch, and dignify my song.

* *Montium custos, nemorumque, virgo, &c.* HOR.

Grant that with no unhallow'd step I tread
Thy sweet recesses, nor with idiot gaze
Survey the beauties of thy sacred fane.

There high embower'd, within those shady groves,
With opening lawns expanded, on each wing,
Full to the arch triumphal, swells the dome,
Where breathing sculptures, where the canvas-tints
In animated colours speak thy praise,
And *Clinton's* taste refin'd.—Well pleas'd the eye
Sweeps down the slopes, then, o'er the level fields,
Which airy vistas, spacious lawns compose,
Sees travellers, as in a magic round,
Pass, and repass, where all continuous seem.
This varied beauty true perspective gives,
Which all description beggars; where the parts,
In due perspective, each to each, respond;
Where e'en realities as visions seem.
Delightfully deceiv'd, the eye returns
To where the meadows down the vales extend,
In like perspective, to the town-crown'd hill,*
Beneath where runs the babbling brook, † which
tells,
Where'er it flows, the beauties it surveys,
When passing through the channels of the vale.
Whate'er of beautiful, august, or grand,

* High Bray.

† The Bray.

In other climates, here amass'd we view
In miniature ; thus to one spot reduc'd
The solar rays, which scatter'd singly shone
Faint, and unheeded, now collected strike
With more effulgence from the mingled blaze.

When *Greece* was modest, and in lengthening stoles
The deities were clad, and when corrupt
Her forms unveil'd she shew'd, these statues speak
The genius of each time*, ere vice prevail'd,
Before old *Latium*, and it's simple laws
By name were only known ; when *Tuscan* rites,
When sumptuary laws their pride restrain'd,
Pure were their manners, and their genius chaste ;
For action, and for arts, alike renown'd.

When *Asia's* luxury, when foreign taste
Pour'd the low dregs of *Greece* on conquering *Rome*,
Drunk with success, with novel fashions lur'd,
She bar'd her forehead with a harlot stare,
She softly walk'd the wantonness of pride,
Each shameless attitude leud statues shew'd ;
No crime was friendless, nay their very chiefs
Stood forth it's patrons, their examples Gods ;
Yet never unprov'd, — still virtue's priests
With generous warmth oppos'd ; still *Grecis'd*

Rome †

They boldly blam'd, th' o'erflowing torrent stem'd ;

* V. Musæum Florent. vol. 3. p. 82, 83, &c. † Juv. Sat. 3.

From true improvements, and a taste refin'd,
 Still may our bards, to virtue ever just,
Italic vice, and *Gallia's* folly stript,
 Bare the false heart, insidious villains brand,
 Each new-born bubble of a Monsieur's brain,
 Each formless phantom got of fond conceit,
 Each airy coxcomb's half-imagin'd sense
 Still may they shoot; each embryo-folly dash;
 Bid wits be wise, and *Britons* to be men!

There on his throne imperial sits the Sage,
 And with him Equity, Dominion's guide,
 The mighty cause deciding: near him stands
 The ghastly messenger of death, his brow
 Frowns justice, frowns severity; he looks
 Terror itself: the pendulous infant smiles
 At the drawn scimiter, to kiss the hand
 For it's destruction rais'd: a savage joy
 Plays in the eye-balls of the treach'rous dame,
 While red suffusion marks her guile, she smiles
 Diffimulation bland, to tempt, to slay
 By meretricious blandishment well skill'd,
 Nor hears she mercy; while the parent rack'd
 With heart-felt pangs, unparallel'd distress!
 To grant averse, to sever more afraid;
 How dreadful where th' alternative is death!
 With undissembled tenderness implores

On bended knee, " on me, she cries, on me,
 " Wreck thy avenging wrath, the infant spare,
 " Mine be the sorrow, but to her the joy."
 See from his penetrating eye, how flash'd,
 On that, his wrath indignant, while, on this,
 Effulgence mild : when bursting from his breast
 The floods of eloquence, deep wisdom roll'd,
 In mute attention fix'd the sages stand,
 Gaze admiration, gaze deserv'd applause :
 While round, the busts of mighty chiefs, or bards
 Seem starting into life, and back recall
 The ancient records of some thousand years ;
 The deathless monuments of real fame.
 With air exalted, and majestic mien,
 In all the grand sublimity of thought,
Maeonides remark, on boldest strings
 Sounding of heroes, on embattled plains
 Like them triumphant: while he soars, he claims
 Each age's praise, eternity his own !

Near him in fame, and ev'ry tuneful art
 Majestic *Milton* stands, whose lyre will please,
 While melody has charms, while *Britons* sense.
 With eye intent, as if in act to speak,
 The *Roman* Orator, as wielding round
 The mighty thunder of Imperial *Rome*.

There *Shakespeare*, fancy's child, the silver lyre,

Whether to comic strains, or tragic tun'd
He sweeps, commanding praise from ev'ry heart.

With brow contracted, and of aspect grave,
There *Locke* in thought contemplative: his soul,
From the dark cell, the universe surveys,
Itself unseen; deep in the pensive breast
The strong ideas struggling swell; the man
Seems but the shadow of a thinking soul:
The thoughtful mien, the frowning air severe,
Denote all nature lab'ring in his mind.

Immortal *Newton* there—with soul erect,
Which heav'n-ward kens, capacious of the globe,
Musing he stands, as on the wide world's verge,
Measuring the earth, or balancing the spheres:
Lo! at his nod the primogenials rise;
All nature's deep-laid elements evolve,
Full opening on his view—his wond'rous art
Pierc'd through all nature, to the heav'ns his fame.

Through orbs unnumber'd, and to spheres un-
known,

Such through all nature to it's cause pervade;
See worlds on worlds, beyond the finite sight
Of vulgar mortals, and those pleasures taste,
Known only to the virtuous few; while most
In sottish pleasures sunk, or cares immers'd,
Laden with heavy clay, the ground scarce know

On which they tread, of high conceptions proud,
Vile as the brute, and senseless as a clod.
Yet *Jones*, like nature's architect inthron'd,
Midst second causes tracing the supreme,
Him first, him last; still dubious where to fix,
Around the compass turns, well pleas'd to find
This the grand temple, which himself had plann'd.

In graceful attitude, lo! *Cupid* stands,
Known by his quiver, and love-pointed shafts.

Next *Venus* in her native beauty charms,
With coy reluctance, shrinking from the eye
Of the enraptur'd lover, and forbids
Desires unchaste. Though pleasure fondly tries,
By dalliance leud, the brave heroic youth;
Yet he, unconscious, on high thoughts intent,
To the celestials tunes no earth-born strains,
Spurns the gross joy, and soars above the sky.
Thus, infant *Hercules*, in act to play,
Sounds a bold prelude to his grand exploits.

Lo! where the mighty Thund'rer stands confess'd,
His red bolts aiming; near, with head erect,
His armour-bearing Bird, the Eagle see!
Swift to convey, where point the forked bolts,
The dread commands of cloud-compelling *Jove*.

The Friend of men, the messenger of Gods,
There *Mercury* as rising from the ground,

With wings alert, to cloudless regions points,
 Spurns the gross earth that chains the free-born soul;
 With feet on earth ; above the skies, his eye.

Here, *Pan* of shepherds chief, of aspect bland,
 In rural play, and merry dance well skill'd,
 Informs *Apollo*, like himself to pipe,
 To dance, to revel, 'midst the Sylvan nymphs:
 This deep attention looks, th' instructor pleas'd,
 Sees the mind ductile, and his toil not vain.
 No tetric brow, or words of uncouth sound
 The tender youth disgust, but accents soft,
 With truth, and affability conjoin'd,
 Harsh precepts in Hyblean sweets instill'd.

Bold bas relief the royal *Perseus* shews,
 Near him *Andromeda* : ah ! luckless maid,
 To monsters, and heart-breaking pangs resign'd.
 In him the sternness of the warrior frowns,
 In her the winning softness of her sex.
 How the bright marble mimics every charm !
 High pendent from the craggy rock she sees
 The doubtful combatants, with fear, with hope,
 Alternately her bosom swells.—She lives—
 There see her rescued, and the monster slain.
 Death adamantine frowns from *Gorgon* head
 The caitiff foe arrests, to stone astound.
 Down from the craggy rock, with look demis'd,
 With head inclin'd she comes—his gentle hand

Full tenderly supports her trembling step.
In him what ardour, her's what modest joy !
How fair her dress, the virgin how more fair !
Those eyes, where late the briny tears o'erflow'd,
Those cheeks which paler than the lilly funk,
That breast with agonizing pains which heav'd,
Flush'd at his sight, and sparkling at his love,
Big with the transports of a grateful soul,
Now speak in overflowing tears their thanks,
As at her feet the bleeding monster lies.

While beauty blooms, while virtue has a charm,
Let meek-ey'd modesty be still your care,
Ne'er to wild passions let the virtuous fall,
To brutal appetites as monsters fell,
A piteous victim to relentless lusts.
Let innocence, let beauty be your choice ;
And both your labours, both your pleasures crown.

Learn from a *Roman*, Britons, to be just !
In detestation of a crime so foul,
Her injur'd worth disdaining to survive,
Lucretia bleeds ! spectators lo ! aghast
Look dread astonishment.—May *Tarquin* feel
The just resentment of avenging gods !
Bright as the driven snow, and near as pale,
Virginia falls ; immaculate, her soul
Seems rushing thro' the wound, her parent dear

Her butcher—this in mercy to his child !
The very canvas shudders at the stroke,
Nor dies the fair, while living portraits speak.
Shall *Appius*, wretch detested, O ye Gods !
Creation's fairest flower, with rudest hand,
And touch unhallow'd, crop ? Shall virtue bleed
A sacrifice to unrelenting lust ?
No, rather on the friendly bed of death
Sleep sweet, *Virginia*, death, alas ! to thee,
No tyrant *Appius* frowns—the worm to thee
Is less a foe—nor beauty has so great,
Such fell destroyers. There no storms molest
Thy peaceful slumbers—This one parting look,
Then welcome death. And shall *Virginia* die ?
Nor *Appius* feel th' avenging bolts of heaven ?
Flash on his head, ye forked lightnings, blast
His wreathed honours on th' accursed brow !
Ye nightly spectres haunt him in his dreams,
Cry havock round him, furies shake your scourge,
In all its varied agonies, cry death !

Emblem of rage, of lawless passion, see
In bristly armour horrible, the boar
Gnashes his angry tusks. His glaring eyes
Fire flashing trust not; near, the blood-hound strains
Thirsting in all the eagerness of rage.

What brutal lust th' avenging bolts can shun !

Lo ! at the joyous feast *Belshazzar* sees

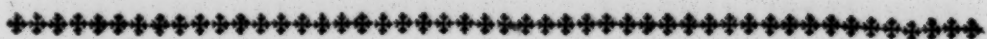
C A S T L E - H I L L. xxxvii

His doom denounc'd, ye debauchees, behold
 The death-enrolling hand ; indelible
 The characters of fate ! what sumptuous treats
 His senses can regale ? How vain your arts,
 Delusive schemes of bliss ! nor wines, nor meats,
 Nor timbrels' sounds delight him more : he starts,
 The tint e'en trembles, and the paint looks pale.

Justice itself as on the bench observe,
 How calm, serene, yet eloquently strong,
 Hear him—he speaks instruction to a world,—
 Mercy in ev'ry look, Heav'n in his heart —
 The oracle of law*. Conspicuous stands
 With open face, in *Turkish* mantle clad,
 The liberal Donor ; whose well travell'd taste
 These loudly speak, and ages hence admire.

Great *Vandyke*, pardon, should my aching sight
 The sun-beams shun, thy colours it must praise,
 Touch'd by thy art while new creations bloom,
 Which time defies, where age itself looks gay,
 Time drops his wings, and death suspends his scythe.

* Chancellor *Fortescue*, in the reign of *Henry VI.* See his
 learned Editor's preface.



On a VIEW of OXFORD.*

FAIN would I linger near yon pendent woods,
 While harmony aerial round them plays ;
 But that fair *Ifs* rolls her silver floods,
Ifs deserving of the sweetest lays.

Still on those banks where yonder † current leads,
 Would I my course in even tenor hold ;
 And, could I flourish like those verdant meads,
 Be not too diffident, nor yet too bold.

By yon row'd trees while long-rob'd students stray
 As those of old in *Academus'* grove,
 Refrain who can a tributary lay,
 In adoration of the scenes he loves ?

With envy others hear *Oxonia's* praise,
 Yet emulous, by merit, of her fame ;
 Let grateful *Britons* strive her worth to raise;
 While every art shall celebrate her name.

The gilded top I see, where swells the dome,
 Bold to th' admiring eye—great *Radcliffe's* heart,
 Benevolence itself—abroad, at home,
 Praise waits his bounty, as success his art.

* See *Science*, part 2d, p. 22, in *Essays moral and miscellaneous*.

† The Cherwell.

ON A VIEW OF OXFORD. xxxix

O'er *Wolfey's* feat, sacred to arts, to fame,
So late her theme, the muse a grateful tear
Would pour, but that another, and the same
Will the great loss to every art repair.

I see the ghosts of *Aldrich*, and of *Fell*,
With *Locke*, with *Atterbury*, hand in hand;
And beck'ning, as they go, to *Fridefwid's* cell,
Recount the virtues of th' illustrious dead.

At every period pausing, they remark,
How *Albion* flourish'd, when these seats she lov'd:
And every age grew dissolute, grew dark,
The more from science, and her sons remov'd!

Phillips, and *Smith* to *Fenton* give the lyre:
What future Poets are reserv'd in fate;
What others, wanting due rewards, expire —
It is not mine to sing, but imitate!

May others, after them, their arts improve,
Exalt the genius, and pursue their plan:
Theirs were the muses, and their laurel grove,
They were the fav'rites, and the friends of man.

Geometry there lifts aloft her rule,
Her right hand pointing to each sculptur'd dome,
Each well-built College, or high-spiring School,
Surpassing whate'er boast old *Greece*, or *Rome*.

xl ON A VIEW OF OXFORD.

While sculptures breathe, while antique marbles
 speak,

Our praise, our love, O *Arundel*, be thine :
Nor, thine, fair *Pomfret*, envious time can break,
 Since living beauties eternize thy line.

To *Hyde*, much honour'd, due is ev'ry praise ;
 His was the muse, the muses' feat his love :
May his example some good genius raise,
 And what he well design'd, as well improve.

There *Viner* sacred oracle ! give way
 Ye sages ; how he arbitrates each cause,
See ! hallow'd fires around his temples play,
 Viner, the lasting monument of laws !

Pointing he goes towards the sacred dome,
 Where *Lælius* well explains each knotty page ;
Hearing with rapture how he quotes each tome,
 Himself another *Viner* of the age !

Proceed my favorite sons, fair wisdom cries,
 To every virtuous deed, lo honour calls !
Let other structures like the former rise,
 And piety be foundress of your walls.

Still may the sister arts go hand in hand,
 O'er all your labours may the Graces smile ;
May fame your praises sound through every land,
 And peace, and plenty flourish in our isle.

To *Stapledon*, to *Petre's* awful shade,

Within whose dome she drew *Aonian* air,
For bounties long receiv'd, this tribute made,
The muse o'er *Oxford* pours her grateful pray'r.

In useful studies may thy sons engage,
Friends of the muse, and by the muse inspir'd ;
Shining examples in a vicious age,
As benefiting all, by all admir'd.

While manners make the man, while all the loves,
Each grace, each honour *Wykeham's* shade attend :
Thus, *Wainfleet*, hallow'd in thy sacred groves,
Thine is each grace, and every muse thy friend.

While pleasant rivers lave thy flow'ry banks,
While grafs thy fields, or trees thy walks adorn ;
Let every muse repay thee with her thanks,
And o'er thy lawns may plenty pour her horn.

Where stands great *Hough*, or where immortal *Crew*,
Let holy chaplets grace their honour'd brow,
Ever to *Radcliffe* be those praises due,
And what an *Alfred* was, be *Brunswick* now.

E N C O M I U M.

GENIUS of ancient *Rome*, with honest zeal,
 Inspire thy *Cicero*, to stem the tide
 Of anarchy, of wild misrule: through doubts,
Herculean difficulties, dauntless lead;
 Stern opposition hides, in dungeon vile,
 Her wily head: as, at the sun's gross clouds,
 Before His presence, every fear subsides.
 Again I see the laurel'd youth advance,
 Triumphal hymns on every tongue! the vales,
 With sounds unusual, ring: our land proclaim,
 Again, is free, and give, to **GEORGE**, the fame:
 This faithful mem'ry shall record, His acts
 Will speak, though **PITT**, though **ELOQUENCE**
 be dumb.

Ye guardian patriots of *Eliza's* reign,
 From starry spheres, your happy seats, survey
 A kindred soul, like yours, to virtue just,
 Patron of liberty, the friend of man.
 May no rude envious tooth His worth assail,
 No clamorous tongue his godlike views malign;
 Faction, be hush'd, when Orators like Him,
 Full of integrity, as free from pride,
 Our rights to vindicate, arise; be dumb
 Each little tongue of envy, tongue of spite,
 Officious minister of spleen. Let none
 The hand of justice curb; let none obstruct
 The wheels of well laid government. Let all

Rememb'ring well the liberties, the rights
 Our great forefathers with their best blood bought,
 To late posterity the sacred trust
 Transmit unsullied : where our colours fly,
 Wheree'er fair freedom, and her cause may call,
 Engrav'd, on every heart, let this remain,
 " The best of Countries, and the first of Kings."



The Introductory E S S A Y.

MAN is not considered here, as he was originally, perfect, or entirely upright ; rather, in a lapsed and degenerate state ; his mind being as subject to errors, as his body to distempers ; his prosperity is never uninterrupted, ever subject to vicissitude ; like lights and shades, in a portrait, mixed, and contrasted ; having with his frame, colour, and condition of life, stages, degrees, and successions : yet with noble endowments, which speak his extraction ; though partial with particular casts, or inclinations to some, more than other employments, yet generally, with genius sufficient for any ; though particular tendencies and abilities may be requisite to form a shining character, or fill an extraordinary post ; — improveable, therefore capable of greater excellencies, and higher attainments ; though not all-perfect, abundantly sufficient, answerable to the duties of every station of this life, and after this to a better. For this end he has education to fit him, and religion to prepare him, for both. Hence he is made a rational and religious creature, docile and tractable, imitative, and improveable ; — has laws for his conduct, is inclined naturally, and enters very rationally, into society, which, as it cannot be maintained without government, he properly submits to, as it is, and was designed, for his greater good, for lessening those evils, those inconveniences incident to his nature, when unassisted ; acquiring and augmenting those peculiar advantages

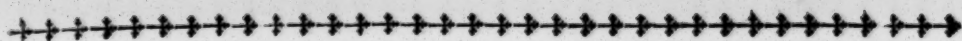
xliv THE INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

advantages not to be obtained in a state of anarchy, or independency; which the present constitution shews not to be for the greatest benefit of mankind; the contrary state, admitting restraints, is then the most rational and natural; and thus following nature, is answering the end of his being, and the intentions of his gracious Creator, by observing his rules, and thus by imitating the Divine, advancing his human nature to that state it fell from, and was originally designed for: which can only be done by the acquisition of habits of real virtue, in the practice of true religion. By this means all the evils incident at present to our nature are to be removed, or otherwise softened; all the inequalities are either adjusted, or made tolerable: considering this life, only as a passage to, and preparation for a better. This infancy of our being, as reaching on to a farther existence, is imperfect as being just begun, and therefore incomplete. Yet under this moral government, the trials of our nature, calls to our industry, and exercises of virtue, though at present sometimes painful, till by use rendered tolerable, hereafter will be a subject of joy.

Man's state, on the whole then, is defective; and himself peccant in many things, and deficient in all his services; yet is it a progressive state, and he is now going on from strength to strength, from grace to grace, from perfection unto perfection, till he is complete in righteousness and true holiness. Thus from a sensitive rises the animal; the rational becomes a religious creature; the mere natural becomes a spiritual being, fitted for that state, those mansions of endless happiness, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Some degrees of happiness has he, mean while, the result of his proper employ, and enough, if not wanting to himself, to support him comfortably; and with light sufficient from reason, and revelation, to enlighten, and enlarge his prospects; making him look forward to greater, in due time to be revealed, when the present mysterious, and imperfectly comprehended plan of providence shall be fully accomplished.

ON



O N

MORAL INSTRUCTION.

ARISTOTLE was of opinion, that youth were not the proper hearers of lectures of morality: I should imagine, on account of some supposed levity, rather than any real incapacity; more, therefore, for their inattention, we may suppose, than for any defect, or moroseness, on the part of the preceptors. With due deference to their authority, I would rather attribute the fault, if any, to the austerity of the precepts, rather than to the heedlessness of the hearers; or to the harsh, and uncouth method of the preceptors, than the want of good manners in the pupils.

If we consider, that the goodness of their doctrine corresponds with the innocence of their manners, at so early an age, we may imagine, from their pureness of thinking, and easiness of expression, free from prejudices, as untainted by vices, as their attention is to every thing striking, and inwardly pleasing, such impressions must be the most easy; and considering the earliest are

ŒB.22.

generally

T.

2 ON MORAL INSTRUCTION.

generally the strongest, instructions in morality can never be too early ; and that foundation must be laid strong, and deep, whose superstructure is to rise to the heavens, and last to all eternity.

I would willingly therefore attribute the fault rather to the want of complaisance in the philosopher, than of complacency in the scholars, who are too often deterred from making a proficiency, not so much on account of any difficulty in the subject, or defect of their understandings, as by the Obstacles laid in their progress, or, at least, their not being soon enough removed, through the austerity, or inability of the master, either as to method, or manners. Whereas, that great master *Socrates*, was in nothing more remarkable, than in handling the abstrusest matters in the easiest, and most familiar way: his severest meditations never deprived him of his good humour ; always improving, by adapting himself to his learners ; and, by his method, leading them to teach themselves ; infomuch, that they seemed rather to recollect their old principles, than to acquire, from him, any new ones : though, perhaps, founded on the notion of education being only a discovery of the innate principles ; it was giving the mind an opportunity of unfolding, and the best way, undoubtedly, of thinking for, itself ; and surprizing are the advances it makes by this method. For, within the compass of my narrow observation, I
have

have seen many a youth likely to miscarry for want of it, who has turned out a credit to his friends, an ornament to his country, and not unuseful to himself; very little indebted to his first place of education, for any thing else, but ill-usage. I pretend not here to censure the method of any of our great schools; or to point out, among such a multitude of scholars, the almost impossibility of attending thoroughly, to their several tempers: all I contend for, is, a greater attention to the capacity, and disposition of youth; as this is the work of nature, it will require that of art, to improve it.

It is remarked of *Atticus*, that he excited, by his behaviour, the emulation of all his school-fellows, and cotemporaries; and every acquaintance afterward was the wiser for his advice, or the better for his example. Learned himself, he was a lover of learning; and, by his countenance, when he came to be high, and eminent himself, encouraged others to become eminent also; delighting to extend his favours to his old school-fellows, and acquaintance: when at the highest, ever humble; never, with a disdainful scorn, looking on any beneath him; much less, with an air of grandeur, affecting to despise any; or make them uneasy, through his superiority, and their lowness, whom he once knew, and only chance had thrown in his way, in humbler life; never sinking in the statesman,

4 ON MORAL INSTRUCTION.

the scholar, or the gentleman. This is one very great recommendation of publick schools—where more is learnt, from observation, and example, than can be imagined, by such, as have not had that advantage. Example is a living lesson of instruction, as it is always more prevalent, as more striking, than precept. One cares not to be outdone by an equal, or inferior; and the proficiency of those below, is a powerful spur to those above, and an incentive to both, to push forwards: besides, intimacies are often contracted, which have been found to be useful; and many a man has owed his preferments to such casual acquaintances.

In the days of our good king *Alfred*, every one that was possessed but of a hide of land, was, by law, obliged to give his children a good education; and since that time, by the introduction of liberty *, the alienation of lands in the time of HENRY VII; the consequent transferring of property to the commons; afterward, by the reformation of religion †; the setting up of schools, and the benefit of clergy granted, in certain cases, only to such as could read; and, more especially, through the introduction of printing, and more frequent preaching, and catechising, very great advantages have accrued to this nation. Within our universities, the scholastic subtleties, the imaginary learning,

* In the reign of King JOHN.

† HENRY VIII, and the subsequent reigns.

which

which our forefathers were so fond of, have been made to give way to solid sense ; and, instead of empty distinctions, and curious refinements, ever since mathematical learning, and natural philosophy have flourished among us ; purer morality, and sounder divinity, have, through those channels, been conveyed through all the land.

The Romans were remarkable for carrying, wherever they came, with their arms, their laws, their arts, and good learning ; insomuch that they may as properly be called the civilizers, as well as conquerors, of the world. And of all their schemes for reforming, that of the inspection of the public manners, and the regulation of diversions, which have a very great influence on them, was none of the least in their intentions, as of the greatest, and last importance. But on a remissness of their discipline, and a decay of their polity, they naturally fell into barbarity ; and the most flourishing state became the most despicable ; as always will be the case, when the rewards of virtue, and learning, are thrown away on the ignorant, and undeserving.

Come, then, that kind of instructing, without shewing us, or, at least, insulting our ignorance, and a tender regard to the different tempers of scholars, the more uncommon it has been, it is the more desirable, and would be more efficacious, than any other way, as it is more affecting,

6 DISSERTATIONS ON MAN.

affecting, and friendly. We see all men have different inclinations, and tempers. Often, what is agreeable to one, is displeasing to another. Nature, in her different productions, has adapted herself to the different tastes; insomuch, that the regulations of the old ones, is more necessary, than any invention of new things, or methods.

If they are light, and heedless; the greater care, and caution should be taken, to fix well their attention: if they are imitating bad; only to bend them to the very best things: and if easily to be diverted; the more early are they to be instructed, and the more studiously to be attended to; and the more agreeably to be entertained with the amiableness of *Virtue*: and the more strongly to recommend it to them; the folly of the contrary conduct, may, if thought safe, be displayed, in the *Spartan* manner, by the odious representation of vice; then their complaints of youth, would be but so many tacit reflections on themselves.

DISSERTATIONS

DISSERTATIONS
On MAN.

*Of MAN in his Social Capacity, as a Member
of a Community.*

THAT Man is the subject of government, is plain from his passions, which, when not under restraint, become dangerous to that natural constitution, which it ought to be his principal care to preserve: which constitution cannot be preserved, without a due balance of the affections; without keeping them within proper bounds, in order to exert them on those objects, to which they are adapted; and within the proper degrees, which are only for their perfection: and all human perfection consists in proper limitations of the several passions: to keep, in general, a mediocrity betwixt either extreme of excess, or defect; i. e. where such an excess, or defect is to be found, to be determined by right reason: and such a pursuit of our real happiness, stript of false appearances, and wrong pursuits, makes up what is so little understood, and so badly practised

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practised by the generality, for want of a due regulation of the passions, and the command of right reason. Such, therefore, as are the most prudent, are the most rational ; and such, as have the best regulated affections, are the most prudent : and the same holds in regard to that civil constitution, or society, which will soon be disturbed, without that regulation of the passions of every individual, which it is intended to effect : and the publick power, and prosperity, manifestly consist in a quiet observance of all those orders of it ; within which, every member is permitted, and required, to exert himself, as is best for his own, and the happiness of his fellow subjects. From the regulation, and exertion of those passions, and powers, results the health of the body ; in a civil sense, the vigour of the constitution. Often the sacrifice of private passions must be made, and a disregard to our own welfare must be had, for the publick service ; as the good of the whole is far preferable to that of any single person : however hard it may bear on some, their country demands their assistance ; and without manifest injury to it, no one ought to, or can withhold his advice, or help, in some shape, or other, to that community, which protects him, and that country, which gave him birth. Were a private opinion of safety allowed, in such cases, against the publick wisdom ; the soldier would desert his post, in the
maintenance

maintenance of which consists his honour : and the farmer would refuse to pay his contributions, (which is all the assistance, perhaps, he is required to, or can, give, and in which lies all his merit, and claim of protection ;) only because the one finds, his exposing himself to danger is inconsistent with his private safety ; and the other imagines his distresses will be increased, by measures, taken for the protection, really of himself, and all his neighbours.

People, in lower stations of life, who have been active, within their spheres, according to their abilities, and opportunities of exerting them, have a right to expect the returns of protection, and favour, for their properties, and persons, for their manufacturies, and arts, from their superiors, and magistrates ; otherwise, these abuse their trust, for such only it is, deposited in them by the body of the people. An absolute, indefeasible right to rule can never be proved from reason, or can be exacted by any, but what are unreasonable ; and can never be exercised over any, but such as are irrational : to give up their own self-defence, the first principle in every constitution, in compliment to others, to aggrandise them into tyrants, is the height of absurdity ; as it is destroying that original power, which every man has, or ought to have, for his own preservation,

C

According

According to their publick encouragement, which will engage the emulation of many, and attention of more, in different periods, has been of arts the rise, decline, or revival: and not only arts, but the different genius of any people, at different *Æras*, may be thus accounted for, and the writings, as well as actions of men, will vary according to the publick taste, and that with the genius of the constitution: the same might be observed of the religious practice, and popular doctrines, even of the very virtues, vices, and characters of any people: and some philosophers, from the observation, perhaps, of this influence, have been led to think, that even the very nature of things is variable; but how changeable soever be the profession, *the foundation will stand sure*, though the popular voice is greatly affected by the publick protection. Certainly, not so much the air of the country, as the constitution of it; not the temperature of the climate, or soil, so much as the polity, and the management of their respective states, made the *Beotians* so heavy, or the *Cappadocians* so servile a people; the one preferring ignorance to learning; as the other, slavery to freedom. Their neighbouring nations were totally different; and the difference, nowadays, betwixt the people of different countries, can only be rationally accounted for, on the same principles. So many geniuses rising up
at

at the same period of time, or great men flourishing out of the same stock, and lineage, is principally owing to the emulation among contemporaries, and imitation of their predecessors. The good military discipline, among the *Romans*, made them superior to all other nations ; and this seems to be the case of the present *Prussian* armies : — armies indeed made up of those of all nations, partaking of the genius, inspired only with the bravery, and spirit of their king. The *Romans*, wheresoever they went, carried their laws, and their language ; and, with the introduction of their arts, made a change in the manners of their conquered nations ; and, according to the different polity, and laws, and, in consequence, spirit infused, by governors, into the people, we may date the rise, and progress of their sciences ; we may trace a change in their manners, and the various degrees of success, both in their private, and publick transactions.

After all, good laws are of no avail, without a proper execution: they may shew the wisdom, but not the art of any people. We, of this nation, are observed to have the best laws, but the worst executed, of any in the world. This, I hope, is exaggerated ; if it be not, I would rather it was, though I should be sorry for any misrepresentations, so much to the disgrace of our nation. Some think it is owing to the intricacy of
our

our laws, on account of their number; but while we have such wise legislators to enact new, or amend the old; while we have such learned judges, so able to explain them with perspicuity, so upright to execute them with impartiality, this objection can be of little weight. A magistrate is termed a living law; wherefore, that he may give the proper force, and energy to the laws, he must have life, and spirit fit for his office.

The principal thing, too often disregarded, and yet the only thing wanting, to the putting the laws effectually in force, and execution, is, to make that to be for the apparent, and immediate interest of the executive part of the law, which is most for the public welfare; and that, where the burthen lies, the profit should immediately follow, and that profit always proportionate to the duty performed.—Another thing to be considered, is, that principles influence men's actions, education forms those persuasions, therefore, anciently, it was a matter of a publick concern, as it is still, with every considerate person, esteemed of the last importance.

Men of no principles must be highly improper for the business of government; as their examples must be detrimental, shedding a male influence; as they will not make a sufficient distinction between the unworthy, and deserving;

too

too apt, therefore, to be too partial ; as they cannot, with any tolerable propriety, speak, or act, which they will be necessitated to do, in behalf of good conduct, and virtue, which upbraids them, but is the end of all laws. Besides, a good opinion, it is highly necessary, should be entertained of them ; because that is in effect power ; and without it, any power will lose it's efficacy ; every officer, his authority ; as, with what a very ill grace, can any preacher speak against those vices, of which he knows himself, or is known to be guilty. Tho' many a good lecture may be given by a bad liver, it would be more efficacious from a good one, when authority is backed by example.

Upon the whole, perfection is not to be met with any where, much less in a hurry, and multiplicity of transactions ; it is one thing often in theory, another in practice ; and speculative men are too often surprized at what indeed might be more surprizing, were it not so common, when others are only so, at their ignorance of it. Hence, as their expectations are too sanguine, their disappointments are so frequent : some alloys there may be, and great allowances there ought to be ; though none to the confounding the essential distinctions of things, none to the palliating vices, and disguising deformities, much less to the making it desirable, by setting it off as amiable. However candid we may be in our constructions,

tions, we should be cautious in our commendations, if in indifferent matters, we ought to be just; especially in matters where they are momentous; and never so humble as to descend to any meanness; or so complaisant, as to sacrifice plain truth in compliment to gilded error.

Of Laws for regulating and forming our Conduct.

ALL laws are intended for these ends, viz. the peace, and the good of mankind; which are only answered, when those laws are properly executed: and such governments are always the best, which have made the best provisions for their subjects; and those subjects will ever be found the best, and maintain the best order, who are early trained, by discipline, to the love of good order: it is not the air of a country, or the soil, or the climate, which gives the characteristic to any nation: what has been observed, of *Cappadocia's* formerly enjoying as good a natural quality, as it does now, is as true, of the country, and present state of the *Moors*.

It was not the air, or the soil of those countries, which disposed some of them to be more slavish, or others to be more dull, perhaps, than the inhabitants of other countries, and climates; but their indolent customs, and the want of a proper institution, and proper means of industry, and virtues, to set the example, and encourage them

them in the pursuit of every thing laudable.

Notwithstanding the observable difference in the endowments, and dispositions of mankind, answerable to the various employments; the common, and general endowments, are abundantly sufficient for the purposes of life; tho' peculiar tendencies, and geniuses are required for shining characters: much indeed may be done, by mere nature, nothing without it; art is quite necessary, for its farther progress, and improvement; and unless a man delights in his employ, to which he finds his genius is answerable, very little can be expected.

But if people will thrust themselves, or their guardians will put them into ways of life, they are unfit for; they must be answerable for the consequences; and none, but themselves, are to blame. Remarkable has been the conduct of the Jesuits, in the tryal of youth: and a famous mathematician has been found out, who was but a dunce in every other science. *Huartes*, in his treatise, tells us of various things worth observing, in regard to discoveries of this nature; and though I will not answer for all, sure I am, it is not entirely imaginary: and were there but greater attention paid to it, many a genius might be found out, and properly turned to employments fitted for them; and many a man, as *Dr. South* observes, hindered from running his
head

head against a pulpit, who might have made a better figure at a plough's-tail ; and many a man, who is now pining in poverty, or buried in oblivion, might have been an example to thousands. He who at a country wake, or a wrestling, has been the beau, or hero of the day ; in the circle of his acquaintance, the mouth of the company ; might have become in the field, a *Cæsar*, or a *Eugene* ; or in the senate, or the church, a *Tully*, or a *Tillotson*.

There is no one knows, what a different figure the same Person might have made in a different age, and under different customs : the naturally libidinous *Socrates*, or what else you please, according to his own confession, became a pattern of every virtue, by a right discipline, and good management. As the virtues, and vices are terminated, but by a very slender boundary, they easily slide into each other ; and the same passions, which would be productive of the best effects, will, like the best things, when abused, become the most detrimental. The same liveliness of parts, which enables the General to be sagacious, might, under other, or no good discipline, have made him only an intriguing sharper, and an adept in all kinds of debauchery.

Some vices might be refined, as avarice, turned proper frugality ; and vain glorious conceit, to a laudable ambition ; or the tendencies of voluptuousness

tuousness, to conjugal fidelity : at least they might be greatly refined, and meliorated. And, on the other hand, the virtues may easily slide into those degrees of vice, that are near, and akin to them ; and thence even into their opposite vices. The good husband may become, leaving his temperance, excessive in his pleasures ; and the man, that loves a chearful glass, with temperance, turn out, by habit, an arrant sot.

Some, indeed, have that constitutional coldness, or natural virtue, as some vicious persons have a certain fixedness of countenance ; as that the one is not apt to be tempted to any villainy, as the other, not to stick, or blush at any. But, as the instances of the former are as rare, as now-a-days the latter are frequent ; we may still assert, with the utmost precision, the necessity of a watchfulness over our conduct, a discipline of our passions, and the beneficial force of a good education, and the propriety of our exemplary demeanour, for the improvement of our natures, the ornament of society, that we may be useful members of it, agreeable to ourselves, and no disgrace to our friends and acquaintance. Much uneasiness to ourselves, and our families, much disquietude to our neighbours, might have been prevented, and much complaining in our streets ; much envying at undeserved promotions, and the occasions of much contempt of them, notwithstanding the grandeur of their offices, or

dignity of their stations, much heart-burnings, and hatred, calumny, and evil-speaking, might have been cut off.

Many a common attorney, or country justice, might have shone, like a *Coke*, *Littleton*, or *Holt*: but this may be said, that all cannot have the same opportunities of improvement, or advantages for success in their respective employments, no more than all can have a choice of those very professions. Necessity will be the mistress of the generality, and the inlet to most employments, as she is the mother of inventions; and men will be induced to practise them, not so much from any natural tendency, or superior ability, as from an opening for them an opportunity of settling in life, and getting a Maintenance for themselves, and their families; and this is generally uppermost in the thoughts of parents, and guardians, who think they sufficiently discharge their trust, if they only put their respective wards into ways of providing for themselves: and in this they do right, though not all that they ought to do, or that the public demands from them, or their own satisfaction, and credit; that they may not be a burthen to themselves, a discredit to their relations, or a hindrance to others, who would more usefully fill those very stations, the former exclude them from acquiring. Therefore, I think, a greater attention should be paid both to the wills, and capacities of youth, in every country,

country, than is generally done; more trials should be made of them, and masters should act an honest part towards the children, and their parents; by which much unhappiness might be prevented; many more advantages accrue to society; and we should not so often see lawyers commencing divines, or divines running into the profession of lawyers; for which each of them might have been better qualified, had their dispositions been before properly consulted; or their schoolmasters, or tutors, made the proper trials of them, and observations on others. But the great misfortune is, parents breed up their sons, and even push them on, notwithstanding a little hopes of the one, and a great aversion of the other, for what they are to profess, whether they have a genius for it, or not. Preceptors either not trouble themselves much about it, or else endeavour to make the best of it; and the poor youth find themselves fixed in certain employments, which their parents, not themselves, have chose for them; and they find not the error, till it is too late to rectify it.

Such as have observed the various turns and abilities of men, according to their different applications, will be led to imagine, that something is owing to Industry, and will lament the Loss of many a genius labouring under inextricable Difficulties, for want of opportunities to exert them: others, towards the decline of life, turn to, and

delight in studies, they were never bred to, or were never allowed to cultivate in their younger years, because not agreeable to the disposition, or will of their parents; or, because their trade, or the honours, or preferments of life, were not on their side.—The poor must do what they can, and employ themselves in ways, by which they must earn their bread; and an honest industry is very laudable in itself, and beneficial to society: but such as have opportunities, and fortunes, enough to enable them to consult, and pursue their geniuses, are unpardonable, if they do not; in justice to themselves, and as guardians of the community. By this means, proper employments would be assigned to every one; each would delight in his employment, because he finds encouragement to make improvements in it: hence ill success, and despair would be prevented, and the grand secret of life found out, viz. contentment in our lot.

Gain is the first thing, and always the uppermost in the views of the generality of parents; how their sons are qualified, seems to be as little in their thoughts, as in those that promote them. Perhaps, they think every man is qualified for what he can get; and, if he does not really understand it, *he may look as if he did*. There is something else that supplies the place of what was formerly called merit; and there are wheels within wheels, which move the machine; and a secret world

world of springs within the external, that actuates the visible frame of things. Private considerations have been found to prevail against the good of the public; and party-views, or family-connections, outweigh every other interest. Common people still retain a veneration for higher characters, as they generally imply, with them, desert; and our ancient Gothic gaudy dresses still strike the eye, like the outside of a cathedral, with a religious awe, and solemn veneration: and well is it, that it is so. Thus our ancestors acted, though we are too apt to laugh at them for it. They were wiser men than we, their forward sons are apt to imagine: and with their dresses, I wish, they had transmitted to us, their virtues to adorn them.



T O

H E R M O G E N E S.

WHICH is the greater of these crimes,
Let learned casuists explain:

For young ones to grow Men betimes;
Or old ones to grow boys again.

D E V O.

D E V O N I A,

An I T I N E R A R Y;

Written the beginning of the present W A R.

O F other fertile lands, their spacious plains,
 Their cavern-deep-laid store-houses of ore,
 Rich as *Potosi's*, or *Peruvia's* mines,
 Let others sing.—Me different themes engage,
 Not less delightful; nor less arduous deem'd.
 Whilst thee, *Devonia*, long by me unseen,
 I haste to greet; and thou, *Exonia* fair,
 Tho' most deserving, still remain'st unsung.
 I hear thy rivers murmuring call: the *Ex*
 Forth from his oozy bed, his reed-crown'd brow
 Uprears, and beckons t'wards his friendly strand.
 Thee *Tamar* circling, grand, majestic stream,
 Fast by the banks of *Lamerew*, or *Worm*,
 Or *Milton*, first where vital air I drew,
 Beneath fam'd *Hengston's* towering height, I see,
 Flow gently on; while * *Torridge* rattling roars
 From founts, to both the same: not so their course,
 But various, as the genius of their soil.
 Thus, have I seen two youths, of equal age,
 From the same fire descended; one to arms,
 Rough, hardy, fierce; the other train'd to arts,

* Or *Towridge*.

Mild, gentle, kind : in even tenor, flows
His every act ; thus education forms :
From different courses, different manners flow.
Thy hanging woods, thy verdant banks, O *Taw*,
Others, admiring, hear : thro' all thy streams
Re-eccho'd, while, to whate'er land thou flow'ft,
Thou shew'ft the richness of each fruitful soil.
What beauteous prospects stretch thy banks along !
What seats of envied site, what gen'rous lords,
Men of renown, for every virtue known,
Who grace thy lands, but eternize my song.
Nor thou, imperial *Ex*, must I forget,
Tho' like thy stream, my numbers I can ne'er
Expect to flow ; sufficient, should my strains
Reflect some beauties of thy town-grac'd streams,
Which others may delight, but me enchant.
Fain would I catch the colours, as they rise,
Paint every charm, which dimples on thy tides,
Cull ev'ry flow'r, that on thy bosom grows :
Fain wou'd I tell what elegance, what grace
Adorns thy city ; what ingenious arts,
Improvements, emulous of nature's works ;
What manufactures, trades, what science deep
Thy sons ennoble, and thy towns enrich :
But these will others' better pencil trace.
Me, other prospects, other views, invite ;
Since, thou *Devonia*, loveliest land ! and thou

Exonia ! fairest city, giv'st the theme,
And thy own matchless beauties grace my song.
What noble prospects, what enchanting scenes !
Say, where are fields more fertile found, where hills
Commanding nobler views ! Where purer streams
Thro' fairer vallies glide ? the *Rhine*, the *Po*,
With Envy must our *Ex* or *Tamar* hear ;
Their gentlest currents, stor'd with finny breed ;
With flow'ry banks, or oak s wide-stretching crown'd
Nor are it's rocks, or wilds unfruitful deem'd :
With curious search, the botanist here culls
His life-renewing herbs. — The sportsman here
With extacy pursues the flying game,
Whether of fowl, or fish, or well-fed deer,
Such as the antients would desire to view,
And distant regions wish for, but in vain !
Still wou'd I praise, as ever shall I boast
Thy floating castles, and thy ample ports,
Thy cultivated hills, thy varied views,
Thy fruitful vallies, and thy shady groves,
Thy streams meand'ring thro' rich fertile meads ;
Where graze the oxen, and where feed the sheep,
Source of the farmer's hopes, and *Britain's* pride.
Let *Russia* boast her snow-clad lands, her furs,
Her hair-capt vestments ; — *Devon* shews her wool :
Whether of russet-brown, or milk-white hue,
Above the product of all other climes.

Nor *Persia's* filken, nor *Rome's* scarlet sons
Wear a more gaudy, or more valued garb.
The Pontiff proud, with all his numerous chiefs,
Walks in the labours of *Devonia's* looms :
From pole to pole, will either *India* boast,
Were the muse silent, were fame's hundred tongues,
And all her loud-ton'd trumps ; thy very stones,
Fairest *Exonia*, would proclaim thy praise,
And those fair * palaces where grim distress
Forgets to groan, and poverty looks plump ;
And thy wide areas, tree-encompass'd walks,
Thy well-pav'd streets, fair domes, and well-
built gates,
Thytow'rs, high rais'd ; still more, thy pleasant walks,
(Which *Athelstan's* high tow'ring structures grace,
Proudly surveying crowds from either pole
Here in commercial interest join'd ; who walk,
In summer's breeze, beneath these cooling shades)
And those sweet villas, and those sweeter meads,
And that fair stream, that flows beneath ; of health,
Of opulence, and every art the source ;
Whose flow'ry banks beside, walk fairer nymphs,
Than flow'rs more beauteous, more than jessmine
sweet,
Bright as *Circassia's* and as *Venus* fair !

* Hospitals.

Exonia's honour, and all *Albion's* pride!

Nor *Topsam's* valley, nor fam'd *Exmouth's* strand,
British Montpelier, must I silent pass;

While breezes play, while streams salubrious flow,
Or well-built domes, or noblest views can please.

Sick of the town, and laden with the praise

Of each contending theatre, here *Quin*

Of all mankind th' epitome, the friend,

In rural solitude retir'd, inhales

That vivid strength, those spirits debonair,

Which in his *Richard*, *Brute*, or *Falstaff* shine,

And hail him *Wilks*, or *Betterton*, or *Booth*!

How happy they, who here large draughts saline,

The nitrous breeze inhale, and lusty health,

And young-ey'd pleasure! though their tongues
were mute,

The chearful countenance, the sprightly air,

The blooming cheek, so wont to strike, wou'd speak.

Go on, great * *Russel*, let long life, good health,

Thy labours crown; and thy disciples fair,

With smiles repay thee, — not bestow'd on kings.

Nor *Woodberry*, nor *Brentor's* tow'ring heights,
Extensive prospects, can unnotic'd pass!

So oft' the travellers' wonder, whence the clouds,

Seem pillow'd on the main.—Yon † *Pharos* seems

A very point, — and cawing choughs beneath,

* Dr. Russel, of Sea Water.

† The Edystone.

Scarce big as beetles ; and that sand-horfe-crowd,
 As grafshoppers, that crawl upon the * Heath !
 Distant I see where *Plymouth's* royal fort
 Swells boldly to the fight : where castles float,
 Which awe the subject world, and *Albion's* fame,
 With it's loud thunder, waft from pole to pole.
 This, the Armada, but by folly deem'd
 Invincible, once found, what *British* arms,
 By *British* hearts, and hands, when fenc'd, cou'd do !

Beyond it, *Edgcumbe's* lofty mount ascends
 Th' aspiring clouds above ;— Elyfium all !
 Of gods' fit residence ! Here with my view
 The boundless theme extends ;—These to recount
 Were endless, infinite, and needless toil.

There *Saltram* shews her long-extended lawns,
 Airy parterrs, and prospects opening wide,
 Her shell-clad grotto's, and her sea-girt dome,
 Her amphitheatre, her hanging wood,
 Her baths, her walks, spar-variegated cave,
 All beautiful, and far exceeding praise :
 Where art with nature for perfection vies
 To trace thee, *Parker*, and thy taste commend :
 Not † *Colchester's* fair seat excells, where glides
 Beneath the *Severn* winding many a fold ;
 Tho' *Wallia's* hills there swell into the clouds,

* Heath-Field. † On the hill, near *Mitchell-Dean*, *Glocestershire*.

And *Dean's* wide forest, and the varied views,
 O'er *Westbury* to *Gloster's* well-built tow'r
 From *Mauburn*, westward to the well-trod streets
 Of cloud-topt *Bristol*, merchant-loving mart,
 The prospect grace—a prospect worthy kings.

Hark! o'er the *Larie*, let the shrill pipe sound
 Mellifluously sweet! now cannons roar,
 Fire-vomiting volcanos; th' adverse shore,
 Fierce-threatning at each eruption loud.
 Now the reiterated menace sounds,
 The thrice redoubled echoes roll adown
 The frightened waves; while th' undulating air,
 Vollies on vollies pressing, pours around
 Reverberated thunder; such as oft
 O'er *Catwater*, or *Hamouze* whizzing flies
 From yonder high-rais'd battlements *, or such
 As, from contending armies charging fierce
 With adverse fronts, are heard; or when the fleet
 From *Albion's*, or from *Gallia's* hostile coast,
 From hell's wide-yawning portals bellowing, roar,
 Pregnant of war, hurl fire-brands, hurl wing'd death:
 Nor *Does-Down* Prospect, nor *Cann-Quarry's* rocks
 Tremendous, nor its cascade's sounding waves
 Must I regardless pass; while hanging woods,
 And scenes grotesque, and views extensive charm
 The spot, which *Parker* sometimes deigns t' adorn.

* The Fort.

O'er *Tavistock*, that much lov'd antient town,
Which *Bedford* deigns to honour, let the muse,
While she, with pride, surveys the stately tow'r,
Pattern to modern architects, lament
Her mitred abbots, and their ruin'd domes ;
Her school, where *Saxon Literati* taught,
Now silent, ruthless nodding to its fall.
I seem to hear, at *Harry's* stern command,
Yon exil'd monks their shatter'd house deplore,
Their fanes depopulate, their sculptures broke,
Those speaking images, those martyr'd Saints,
Those windows, where the liveliest colours glow'd ;
Touch'd at the sun's all-animating beam,
Sounding, like harps Memnonian at the stroke,
To the great God of light. The vaulted roofs,
The taper pillars, and the lengthen'd isles,
At the loud organs pealing, which oft rung
With the full chorus, from the res'nant choir,
Ascending tremulous, now echo back
Their sad reverse of fate, the yells of beasts,
Or moans of dogs, or shrieks of hooting owls.

Fast by the stream, those noble structures rose,
Whose ruins, yet magnificent, declare
Antient munificence, and *Saxon* arts :
Where *Calvin* o'er the mighty ruin strides,
And blames all other structures but his own.
Near these, their founder, of gigantic size,
On his clay bed reclines ; the sculptur'd tomb

Still speaks great *Ordulph* :—here a *Glanvil* sleeps,
Glanvil superior to a *Prince's* frowns.

Thus modern *Rome* her antient temples shews,
 Yet Pagan structures into Christian chang'd,
 And trusts to them for monumental fame !
 Vainly she hopes these walls, like *Theban*, rise,
 While no *Amphion* tunes his lyre ; no sounds
 Are heard, but *Calvin's* unharmonious tongue,
 Distilling more than *Hyperborean* damps.

From *Saxon* * notes, melodious, like yon streams,
 Flow'd eloquence ; with liberal arts refin'd,
 Science, too long by ignorance obscur'd,
 Flew hov'ring o'er, and grac'd the letter'd roll.

Survey her structures, and admire the pow'r,
 The wealth, the grandeur, of imperial *Rome* :
 Yet these, alas, how fall'n ! how soon they rush
 To ruins, shewing now, but what they were ;
 The modern sepulchres of antient *Rome* !

Now o'er the level plains extends the eye
 T'wards *Lidford*, town antique, as records speak,
 Spacious, well fortified, with wealth replete ;
 Now ruins only point its low remains.
 In vain the curious antiquary seeks,
 From them, its pristine grandeur ; sunk it lies,
 The castle, sole survivor of its state ;
 The rest, sad monuments of *Danish* rage !

* The *Saxon* Language was taught here, and a Grammar
 of it was here printed in the Beginning of the Civil Wars. *Camden*.

Where sullen silence, o'er the ruins sits,
With hoary time, high-seated, on her throne
Imperial, deck'd with broken columns, waste
Of ages, pointing to moth-eaten scrolls,
Those antient records, that it *once has been*,
(Of owls and bats now dreary haunts) which age,
Of pristine honour garrulous, recounts
Once populous, and as *Augusta* rich,
Fertile of every charm, which envious time,
Waving his iron wand, in shade involv'd,
Dropping e'en o'er the dregs his sable veil :
No lute *Orphean*, no harmonious muse,
No sculptur'd vase, no venerable domes,
But cranies pervious to the whistling wind,
And time-shook tow'rs, green walls, and grass-clad
 graves ;

Those poor remains, sole reliques of renown !

Here o'er th' extended wastes the muse must weep,
And pity lend a sigh :—the streets, which shew'd,
In better days, the works of ceaseless toil,
And swarm'd with industry's strong sons, no more
Resound the noise of thronging multitudes :
But silence stalks along, while hoary time,
O'er moss-grown fragments, and the green-turf'd
 lands,

Marks out the next, devoted to his scythe,
Their labours wrapping in the sable shade :
Not e'en an urn to hide some fabled chief,

Nor monument, but what it's dust resigns.

Here desolation shews its iron sway,
And poverty, with frightful aspect, frowns
O'er th' hostile ravage of all-conquering time ;
Which, while it ruins smallest works of art,
Confers new beauties to thy *falling flood*.
Where like the *Anio* *, down a mountain's side,
Loud as the cannons' thund'ring falls the stream,
By craggy points of thwarting rocks oppos'd,
Dash'd into foam : above, the mon-arc'd bridge,
High, as in air erected ; from beneath
In clouds seems pendent ; and the roaring wave
Scarce seen white-foaming, and tho' dashing fierce
Scarce murmurs to the list'ning ear : around
Frowns gloominess, with tufted trees imbrown'd.
The mountains, waving o'er the cleft vale, hang
As half-embracing, sever'd scarce ; the gloom,
On either side, o'erspreads a deep'ning shade.
Nor here the mighty wonders cease ;—how great,
Nature, art thou in all thy works ! behold
Down many a fathom, o'er a mountain's top,
A mighty river's whole enormous weight
Tumbles down headlong : *Neigeira's* fall,
A sister stream, scarce equals, ne'er excels :
'The black-brow'd precipice frowns o'er the waves,
That thunder headlong o'er the pendent points

* *Horace*, B. I. Ode vii.

Against the cavern'd rock : rebounding thence,
With force redoubled, in a wider stream,
It headlong falls ; around the bubbles fly,
A wat'ry atmosphere ; it frets, it boils,
Rises in fumes, or floats a rapid flood.

Hence, o'er the turf-clad huts, and neighb'ring
rocks,

Where *Soreton* meets the view ; the eye surveys
Vast level plains, far as *Launceston* west,
To *Holdsworth* ; thence from, to thy fair park,
Oakhampton, flies the eye ; where bound the deer,
Where feed, on flow'ry thyme, the fleecy flocks,
Deliciously : thence o'er the castle sits,
Those nodding pillars, arches bending low,
Those time-shook tow'rs, moss-walls, in days of yore
Tremendous, when of *Baldwin's* stout compeers
The residence ; now th' ivy-mantled seat
Of bats, of reptiles, as of warriors fierce.

Hence o'er thy *Torr*, O *Crockern* ! will the muse
Extend her view ; where in deep council sit,
Planning new orders for their common weal,
On rough-hewn stone, as curule tribunes great,
Or *Rome's* grave senate, on affairs of state,
Thy hardy race of *Tinners* ; by his side
Each with his pick-ax, hammer, and tough hide
For apron stretch'd, the ensigns of their art ;
For feats athletic noted, train'd to toil,

And frequent combat, wrestling, hurling ; sports,
Than juffs, and tournaments, scarce less renown'd,
Tho' modern softness stiles them unpolite,
Fierce, or untractable ; yet such our trade,
Our arts mechanic, and our state improve ;
And should it want their aid, our world sustain.

From sea to sea extends the ample view,
This way, the rougher, that, more fertile fields,
Those penfile orchards, where *Pomona* charms,
The choicest vintage ! this oft would I taste,
As often praising ; if to taste I durst
Such potent juice nectareous, as inspir'd
That happy bard, who in *Miltonic* strain,
Old *Ariconium*, and its cyder sung :
Whom but to follow with unequal pace,
Were praise sufficient,—meaner bards may blame !
Within this circuit, were my happy lot,
T' enjoy a rural solitude, at ease,
Yet not inglorious, nor unfruitful deem'd ;
To court the muse, to meditate the song
In grander strains ; thee, cyder, loud I'd sing :
But now—a pifgah fight must me suffice.

Near *Bigbury*, whose rocks to sailors oft
Have inauspicious prov'd ; a savage race
On plunder liv'd, as ravens o'er a corse ;
Wreck-watching monsters, more than tempests dire.
Still live there such, within this happy land

To strangers ever hospitable?—No,
Humanity forbids, nor hears such crimes,
While *English* blood in *English* veins can flow.
If such there lurk, rise satire, lash!—Thy veil
Quick darkness drop—O! wrap them in the shade.—

From the high hills, thro' channels opening wide,
Lo! slowly winds the *Dart*, of brownest hue,
Through *Totness*, not, if fame say right, unknown
To *Brute*: upon a gently rising slope
High pendent, to the fertile fields, which grace
His verdant sand-increasing banks; near hills,
Where *Dartmouth* opens t'wards old ocean's lap,
And disembogues his treasure in the main.

O'er *Torbay's* spacious hav'n, the eye exults;
Where *William's* well-arm'd squadrons first arriv'd,
Proclaiming freedom for woe-harraf's'd lands,
With flowing sails, with peace-insuring arms;
With all the wishes, all the hearts of friends.
When *Britain's* Genius full before Him blew
The loudest trump of fame; before Him fell
Oppressive tyranny, despotic sway,
And wrath terrific. Soon no more were heard
The cries of orphans, cries of bleeding faints;
A country bleeding. Soon he came, he saw,
He pitied, and he smil'd their grief to joy.

Erst the destroying fiend led forth the *Dane*,
Thirsting for *English* wealth, and *English* gore,
To *Teignmouth*, town ill-fated : *Gallia*'s chiefs,
With well-aim'd thunder-bolts 'gainst fenceless walls,
May equal *Danes* in rapine, and in rage.

But here a softer strain the muse delights,
While to the worthy, and the brave she pays
Her homage ; better pleas'd, could she due praise.
From the rough *Dartmoor* hills, to *Mamhead*'s height,
Beneath where, rolling, beat the foaming waves,
And a long liquid plain extends ; Thee, *Vaughan*,
Glad I salute, where, from the fir-crown'd brow,
Aloft the obelisk ascending, views
Yonder tall anchoring barks, as bubbles seen,
From *Budley*'s raging seas, the pebbled shore
Which founding lash, and scoul along the beach,
To yonder point, of mariners the dread ;
Where many a found'ring vessel sunk, in fight
Of men, more merciless than waves, or winds.
Here *Vaugh'n* from senate-wranglings, and the care
Of nations, safe retires to court the muse
Spontaneous at his call ; or round him view,
From *Budley* northward, to the southern point ;
Capacious prospect ! how the canvass towers
With merchandize full fraught, and flowing sails,
Bear proud before the wind, and safe to shore :
While to his raptur'd view, the ghosts of *Drake*,

Of *Raleigh*, *Churchill*, brave *Devonian* chiefs,
Rising in arms terrific, seem to claim
The empire of the world : the humbled *French*
(Not, as of late insulting, menac'd loud)
Cow'ring beneath their arms—such conquests won
True *British* warriors, emulous of worth,
And antient prowess—Or in thought relax'd,
On yon smooth mirrour, view the lucid rays
Dance on the tremulous surface ;—how the fish
Leap to the hovering fly, which courts the stream,
To cool its fever'd limbs ; when lo ! grim death
Lurking in ambush seizes on his prey :—
Or see the *Porpus* roll from side to side,
Snuffing th' approaching storm,—now, op'ning wide
The skies dread floodgates ; streams down rushing roar ;
The warring whirlwinds cry along the main ;
The cat'racts pour, the heavens themselves descend
In horrid conflict ; now the foaming tides
Beat the resounding cliffs ; the finny breed
Roll in the tempest, and enjoy the storm.
While yon trim skiff, scarce able to sustain
The beating waves, the sport of driving winds,
Now rises o'er the mountain — surge, now down,
Low as the lowest *Erebus*, it sweeps,
Sinks in the gulph, or rides upon the swell.
Touch'd at the sight, thy philosophic mind
Surveys the wonders ; and, with eye intent

On Providence, through all, observes the hand,
 Above the water-floods, supreme, that guides
 The sinking vessel, and the storm o'er-rules.
 Touch'd at the sore distress, the eye will weep,
 The bosom shudder, and the shrinking soul
 Within itself retire—'till all is calm.

When, soon forgetful of the dangers past,
 Dauntless the sailor trims his shatter'd skiff,
 Basks in the sunshine, whistles to the gale,
 And smoothly, on the slippery surface, glides.

Oft as the *Spaniard*, or th' insulting *Gaul*
 Demand the fight ; such a beld daring race,
 From *Barum*, *Appledore*, or *Plymouth's* port,
Devonia sends forth, covering all the seas,
Britannia's bulwarks, and the scourge of *France* :
 With such well-disciplin'd, and well-inform'd,
 Her natural strength, without a foreign aid,
 In hearts united, as in interest join'd,
 What mayn't we promise, what not *Britain* do !
 Rouse, rouse, to arms, your injur'd country calls,
 Assert your rights, be monarchs of the main !
 From *Biddeford*, (with fair extensive views,
 Wide walks, and domes of loveliest site adorn'd,
 Whose well-arch'd bridge, magnificent, high-rais'd,
 With pride surveys the lessen'd world below.)
 From *Inflow* northward, to the *Dartmouth* cliffs
 The sound is heard ; forth issuing dauntless come

Neptune's vice-gerents, *Mars's* intrepid sons.
Go on—ye sons of valour, and of fame;—
Go on—our annals let your prowess grace,
Rescue *Britannia*, and her wrongs revenge!
Already *Harrison*, that veteran chief,
His footy bulwark trims, nor brooks delay,
Nor threatening danger dreads: see crouds on crouds
Press to his call, and rush upon the main!
Ev'n now *Boscawen* bids the cannons roar;
Already hear the brazen throat of war
Call loudly on you, *Britons*, to be free!
Such heroes, who our *British* annals grace,
Glad I applaud; but this my purpose scant,
Such ample theme admits not, lest their praise,
Too copious for my muse, should fall beneath
My argument,—And thou, great *Courtenay*, shouldst
Remain unfung, whom all *Devonia* hails,
Of chiefs her worthiest—whom all *Gallia* owns
Allied to monarchs; there in *Kenton's* vale
Majestic resident—his courts ne'er shut
To *British* hearts—the stately flowing barge,
When wantoning in the wind, the airy dome,
The octagon, beside the alleys green,
The prospect stretching to the distant points
Of *Topsham*, *Exmouth*, or the sea-lav'd bar,
Let others sing; whose strains can equal rise
To *Pouderham's* beauty, or her *Courtenay's* worth.

Mine on the golden sands of *Exmouth's* stream
 Awhile must revel, when her beauties tread
 The winding beach, or lave their snow-white limbs
 Beneath the reflux tide ; while wanton winds
 Play on their bosoms, kindling as they blow :
 While the fair nymphs, still fairer from the streams,
 (Streams health-inspiring,) converse-loving, rise
 As *Venus* fair, and as *Diana* chaste :
 Hail wedded love ! within those circling arms,
 How blest the lover, when concordant hearts
 Conspire to fan the flame ; not filthy gain,
 Nor avaritious aims compel : sure source
 Of discontent, and every heart-felt pang.
 Curse on the sordid wretch, for selfish ends,
 Who ties, or severs the connubial knot !

From such well-nurtur'd, omens far more bright
 The muse will draw, whose virtues eminent shine,
 All bright examples to the *British* Fair !
 Than these, what fairer prospects can afford
 All nature, what more happy for our weal !
 Still will the eye, with seeing ne'er replete,
 Indulge its view ; while other beauties rise
 Unnotic'd yet, not less deserving note.

From *Blackdown* eastward, to the farthest cliffs ;
 From *Stoke* full north, to *Taunton's* wealthy vale,
 Or *Honiton's*, with fairest villas grac'd ;
 From *Exon* far as *Barum's* sea-lav'd town ;

See what a prospect! what extended plains!
What fertile fields, rich vales, and verdant hills,
What elm-crown'd hedges, what wide-spreading
trees!

More shew'd *Arcadia*? could *Theffalia* more?
'Midst plenteous stores, the country smiles: the hills,
And fields of waving corn contrast the view:
Here, rocks projecting, pyramids of stone;
There, prospects bounded but by azure hills.
Say, on the moors of *Ex*, or *Dart*, shall we
The heathpolt, pheasant, or the stag pursue?
Or, by the slowly-flowing *Tamar*'s banks,
Shall we explore the woodcock's secret haunts?
Or, down the hanging woods, with hound, and horn,
Chase the fleet deer, or drive the wily fox?
Or, on the neighbouring heights of *Hengston-Down**,
The *Tamar* gently winding thro' the vale,
With fertile fields, or pendent coppice spread:
Near where, fam'd chiefs, whom *Hengist* mar-
shall'd forth,
To hardiest combat; or great *Egbert* led,
'Gainst *Danes*, wide-raging, who in barrows sleep
Intomb'd? Shall I, with reverential awe,
Oft', as I visit them, as oft deplore
The savage fury of blood-thirsty *Danes*?
But *Cornwall*'s fertile fields, her spacious plains;
Her legion'd miners, and their wealthy chiefs;

* On the borders of Cornwall.

Her strong-fenc'd castles, and her ample ports ;
 Her fisheries, her marts, well-peopled towns ;
 Her curious monuments of ancient date ;
 Her mounts, her rivers, and her pleasant downs ;
 Her worthies, far for arts, and arms renown'd,
 Rich, generous, bold ; of *Greek*, or *Roman* chiefs
 All emulous, nor less deserving praise ;
 Her females, not for beauty, than for arts
 Less fam'd, or less respectable for charms :
 Their sex's envy, and their country's boast
 Let others sing,—deserving nobler strains.
 To thee, *Devonia*, native land, to thee
 The muse her earliest, and her latest lay
 Shall dedicate ; well pleas'd to see thy sons,
 Champions of liberty, the friends of man,
 Zealous defenders of our king, and laws :
 Still more ; thy daughters, blooming, heavenly fair,
 The pride of our's, the envy of all lands.

From *Ottery*, far as to *Oakhampton's* park,
 Or *Baldwin's* time-shook castle, could the muse
 Indulge a pleasing melancholy, rais'd,
 From ruins, still majestic ; but she shrinks,
 Full of reflections on bold *Harry's* wrath.
 Nor could thy foresight, *Grandison*, avail,
 'T' avert the rage of sacrilegious arms :
 Yet stand *Exonia's* stately spires the blast
 Of infidels, or wild enthusiast rage,

To sects, like adamantine rocks, oppos'd,
Whose battlements, by right-aim'd bolts o'erthrown,
A vaunting *Budgell*, in his vengeful ire,
So high tho' rais'd, did prophecy, ere this,
Should topple headlong. May thy dome renown'd,
O *Blundell*, still remain their best defence ;
Though him, or me mean follower of thy sons,
Thou may'st disown, unblam'd ; while *Rayner's* soul
Shall train thy youth to far superior worth.
Rather, with rapture, let my wond'ring eye
Dwell on the scenes, late subject of my song,
Ne'er seen, but with fresh pleasure ; quitted ne'er,
But with regret : since here, whate'er can please,
What every taste regale, or sense admire !
See ! in yon lengthen'd grove, beside that mount,
Gradual ascent to *India's* painted dome,
Trees, like cathedral, or high-arching isles,
Pendent on shelving banks ; those emblems true
Of life connubial, separate, to join
A social shade. Beyond, what columns rise !
High, o'er each others heads, the ranks ascend
Umbrageous : yonder, see the pyramid
It's pointed head uprears : above, the arch
Proudly surveys the stately dome, whose wings
The tuneful Faun, and sylvan Goddess grace :
The gradual slopes descending on each side,
The verdant walks, elm-crown'd, the obelisk

High-shooting ; circular, where lofty trees
The dome encompasses, center'd in deep shade.
Above the castle's awful front, aloft
The red-cross ensign waving in the wind.
On each side vales, where silver-shining brooks,
In many a winding, many a murmur flow,
Close the lov'd scene, in admiration lost.
Now, with the length'ning view, the soul expands,
The pleasure height'ning, as the prospect grows,
Where *Barum's* port extends her ample arms,
Fast by that circular vale ; the banks along,
Ascend those towers, in ancient records, known,
For wealth, for industry, and social arts :
Where, from our distant colonies, arrive,
With wanton streamers waving in the wind,
(Hoarse, deep-mouth'd cannon roaring out their joy)
From the rough northern seas, thrice-welcome hail'd,
Those floating castles, laden with the stores
Of foreign regions. Commerce, this thy sway
Joins distant realms, and calls their wealth thy own.
Hence we are needy, hence dependent fram'd,
To be assistant, to import, to lend
Surplus of nature's bounty : thus to make
Us provident, preventing waste, and want.
These are thy glorious fruits, whence all our needs,
By industry supply'd, in grief deep-sunk,
Nature again rejoices : hence to arts,

To works magnificent impell'd, we rise,
Superior to ourselves : hence *Albion* boasts
Whate'er of noble, amiable, or grand,
In other climates ; hence her bulwarks sail,
The ocean's wonder, and defy the world.
There *Jewell's* awful shade I seem to hear,
Pleading the church's cause : how sweetly flow
The streams of eloquence ! the mitred wreath
Sits graceful on his brow, by merit since
So well supported. Here he first imbib'd
Those nervous principles, that glowing zeal,
Temper'd with wisest prudence ; whence he shone
The christian's patron, and the church's shield.

There gentle *Gay* first drew *Aonian* air,
In manners, easy, as in verse, refin'd ;
Whom all the muses, all the graces hail,
Devonia's honour, and all *Albion's* pride.
May other *Jewells*, other *Gays* arise,
The church's guardians, and the muses' friends !

See ! from what gentle rills, what slender source,
The *Ex*, the *Tamar*, *Torridge*, and the *Taw*,
Those drains of all their neighbouring countries,
swell ;

Fed by accessions from each purling stream,
Rolling their mighty torrents to the main ;
By means, as slender, mighty monarchs rais'd,
The *Czar*, the *Nadir*, on their subjects rose

A deluge, overflowing all beneath.

From *Ex*, from *Dartmoor*, those rough, rugged
wastes,

With far-extended prospects grac'd, with all
That cheers the eye, or recreates the mind,
Issue those wholesome rills, which circling run
Through all *Devonia*, fertilize her soil,
Make vallies smile, and tracts, forlorn, look gay :
Call them not useless, though by sloth misform'd,
By ignorance mis-nam'd, or pride not own'd ;
With heath, or weeds, less useful deem'd, o'errun.
Those barren hills, contemptible, and waste,
The mighty stores supply, which round them
send

Fresh nutriment to every herb, and plant.
And does not this, ye mighty sons of earth !
Teach you, to others, what ye gain, to lend ?
Hence, the diminish'd head revives, each flow'r
Looks gay, all nature wears the face of joy.
Thus, in our lesser world, the human frame,
But not less full of wonders ; how the veins,
And art'ries circulate, the common stores
Each pore imbibes, and every member aids
Each other's wants ; the whole again supplies
Each joint ; and thus, from every active part,
Results the strength, and vigour of the whole !
This said the ruler of each fount, and rill,

As on his vocal shell he play'd, he sung
The rise, the course, and virtues of each spring;
When round him danc'd the Naïds of each stream.
This heard, the *Taw*, from out his oozy bed,
Steals gently on, to where the wonderous pile
Receives him coming; in whose bosom seems
Another city rising from it's stream.

Quick to attain the destin'd course, see! where
The *Torridge*, rapid, hastens to pursue,
Nor rocks, nor sands obstruct him, as he runs.

The *Tamar* down the vallies verdant flows,
Where *Edgcumbe's* mount another heav'n appears,
Without a murmur, pleas'd his stream to roll,
Where floating castles, on his tides may fail,
Bearing *Britannia's* thunder to the main:
While the fam'd *Ex*, thro' muddy channels, strays
Reluctant, 'till near *Tiverton's* sweet scene
He flows more slowly, seeing those fair domes,
And those more beauteous in that distant pile*,
Pleas'd, on his banks that laurel'd bards shall rise,
Whose strains, as copious, as his streams, will flow;
Himself, with them immortaliz'd in song.
Lo! how the god, those verdant meads adown,
Glides smoothly on; surveying, in his tides,
Enamell'd banks, fields green, and hanging woods;
Then, softly sailing in his silver car,

* The School.

Hail! to *Exonia's* tow'rs, he cries, all hail!
 Still let your streamers on my bosom flow,
 Your fleets, with merchandise of every foil:
 Ye, prosp'rous gales, convey them safe to shore!
 Ye, nymphs, who, sportive, on my flow'ry banks,
 Exulting walk, long live: your daughters fair
 Shall add fresh graces to the sylvan scenes!
 My waves enamel with your matchless mien,
 And let new beauties in my bosom shine;
 Which shews a fairer heav'n within those eyes:
 Such, on it's flow'ry banks, the flow'rs less fair,
 In sprightly vigour, and in beauty's bloom,
Eurota wond'ring saw, oft as her train,
 To rural sport, the sylvan goddess led!

—This said, the Naïds, resting on their oars,
 Symphonious echo'd, down to *Topsham's* strand,
 The gladsome Song. The silver oars beat time,
 The streamers flutter'd to the mirthful airs,
 And every voice sung harmony, sung joy.

THE

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The I N F I D E L. *

SEE'ST thou the Infidel? with proud disdain
 He looks on all, with supercilious eyes;
 The poor man dares not murmur, or complain;
 The same, that injures him, his God defies.

No guilty fears, which rack the penitent breast,
 Disturb him; knows he shame, or guilt, or crime?
 And when he dies, he thinks, he sleeps in rest;
 Annihilation—th' hop'd-for end of time.

But what if, when this sleep, this dream is o'er,
 He wakes, to burn in everlasting fire?
 How will he ask, in vain! a saving pow'r;
 Or wish to die,—or, midst the flames, expire?

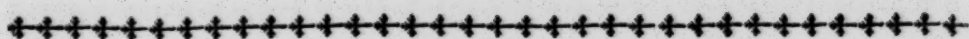
Deluded man! and know'st thou, who thou art;
 The present faults correct'st thou by the past?
 For what remains, act o'er the decent part;
 Since the next hour may be, perhaps, the last.

The dead will preach, the present time is thine,
 The future morn, on thee, may never dawn:
 Improve the moments, while on thee they shine:
 This will insure eternity thy own!

II. Kings, Chap. 18. 19.

VOL. I.

H



O N A

CHRISTIAN'S FAITH.

TO assent to any proposition, without examination, without sufficient reason, is rashness ; and argues very great weakness, and no less indolence. Not to be satisfied with the best evidences, that can possibly be had, or the circumstances, or subjects will admit of, is the height of unreasonableness, under the pretext of great caution. In the character of the first believers, we cannot discover the least rashness in the belief of any fact, or the least precipitate assent to any doctrine : on the contrary, a slowness in apprehending, a certain diffidence in judging, a cautiousness in crediting any report, though on their own side, and to their own advantage ; nay, such a severity of trying, as even almost to the distrusting their very senses ; which might convince us, they were not easily imposed on ; which alone might recommend a like faith, without the concurrent testimony of a cloud of witnesses of the greatest integrity, and best authority ; and without the example of so many ages to countenance, and confirm it : but such witnesses so numerous, examples so powerful ; a testimony so credible ; the authenticity of their history, the consistency

consistency of the several proofs, and the continuation of the evidence, through so many ages, inviolate, create an assurance, I had almost said, Apostolical. But the completion of all the preceding predictions, in Christ, and his own, subsequent to their times, in regard to the destruction of the Temple, and the state of the Jews; as also to the reception of his doctrines, and the present, and future state of his church; are stronger proofs to us of the truth of religion; as they will still be new and further proofs to all succeeding generations, who observe their accomplishment.—Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear; yet blessed are they, that, having not seen, shall hereafter believe!

Yet this religion, so convincing in all its proofs, so interesting in its consequences, some men profess merely for it's happening to be the religion of their country; which, indeed, is a happiness for them!—a reason better, they think, than none at all; though not the best, we presume, that may be alledged for it; which will serve as well for the worst, as for the perfectest, that ever existed:—an instance this, rather of their civil prudence, or disposition for peace, than of their choice, or their judgment; and a proof of their being led more by an external authority, than an internal persuasion, the result of a thorough conviction.

Others seem to oppose it, as they will other truths, out of a spirit of contradiction, merely, because it is established; and to set their singular opinions against the united wisdom of a whole nation.

The former act on a much safer, and more commendable principle, than any of the latter; though neither, on a right one: yet authority must, and will prevail with all those, who are not capable of difficult truths; wanting either proper abilities, or opportunities of examining for themselves: and many things must be done in life, on a much lower evidence, and that rightly, than what Christianity claims to be heard on. Yet it is not their want of opportunities, or abilities; nor, in consequence, their blindness, that will be blameable: but this is their condemnation; that they prefer the gloominess of incredulity, to the comfortable hopes, which faith alone inspires; chusing darkness, and death itself, rather than that light, which our Saviour brought in, by his gospel; or that eternal life purchased for them, by his death.

It is much the safer side, it must be allowed, to act on the supposition of this faith being true; when, should it prove false, we run no risks, as to any thing future; and forego only what is prejudicial to our temporal welfare; than, on the contrary, for the pleasures of sin for a season, to give up the hopes of a blessed immortality, and the treasures of eternity.

Whatever

Whatever uncertainty is pretended to be in it's proofs, there is none, as to it's duties; though, in daily occurrences, do we not act on much less evidence, even where difficulties, often great discouragements are more obviously certain?

Yet, on a serious examination, if the proofs be found sufficiently strong, and convincing; such as the best men, ever since it's propagation, have acquiesced, have rejoiced in; still more, if our present, and future well-being depend on it; any arguments, from the worst, need not startle us; since they are no more, and no other, than what may be expected, from men of that stamp: Arguments, which have been often offered, and answered; arguments, neither of their ingenuity, nor candour; but of the low cunning, and impotent malice, of the objectors.

There will be offences taken much oftner, than really given; and there must be heresies, and some even that may hold the truth in unrighteousness; yet, out of their own mouths, and out of their scriptures, they stand condemned; and those, that are approved, are made the more manifest; though blessed is he, that shall not be offended, at least, not without cause; yea, happy is he, that, from *their* unstableness, shall not be moved to fall from his own steadfastness. The fear of God is the beginning of, is the only true wisdom;

wisdom ; a good understanding have all they that do thereafter ; the praise of it endureth for ever.

For, Thirdly, It must be confessed, in this mysterious dispensation of godliness, there are many things hard to be understood, which the unlearned, and unstable may wrest: some articles of faith, as also their scriptures, may seem, at present, incomprehensible ; some as relative to things of the invisible world, not now perfectly revealed to us : and others may not have the same kind of clearness, which is ever different, according to the degrees of attention paid to them, and the resolution with which any one applies to examine them ; as well as the abilities, the industry, the temper of the enquirers. And it is not only requisite, that the mind should be exempt from prepossessions, free from partialities, but disposed to embrace whatever doctrine it sees attended with proper evidence ; not hesitating to receive it, where it has all the proof, the nature of the subject will admit of, though short of the strictly demonstrative ; neither weakly giving up a truth, because it is not sufficiently countenanced ; nor obstinately persisting in an error, because it is prosperous. The early part of our lives necessarily must be employed in acquiring our principles, from any, that chance, or design may throw in our way : and a great part of our riper years, of course, must be taken up in correcting
the

the past, by our present acquirements. We all see, religion is not *intuitively* known to us : as all other sciences, it is to be learnt only by study, and reflection : like the other works of the Lord, to be sought out of all them that have pleasure therein ; and our religious probation is as much seen, in these kind of exercises, as our moral, in the common transactions of life.

We, of the universities, have now time purposely allotted us for these, and other preparatory enquiries : hereafter, when ye are scattered to your own ; the cares of the world, its riches, and honours may otherwise engage, may hinder you ; or the days may come, when ye will say, ye have not so much pleasure in them. Ye have now all the opportunities of coming at the truth, which can be desired, the most that can be expected ; far more, I will dare say, than many your equals elsewhere have, and which others would desire, but cannot obtain. Happy are ye, who see these superior advantages ; who have been early instructed to be sensible of them ; but happier are ye, if you improve them.

When we see men of learning, and gravity, act on that evidence, in full assurance of that faith ; though we have not equal learning with them, or equal degrees of that evidence ; yet where there is, and can be no argument against, there always will be one for it, besides that of authority.

And this may suggest, how carefully men, of superior

perior characters, and stations, ought to act, in setting to their inferiors an example of belief, and of manners ; since example is more instructive, as more striking, than precept ;—and how the others, if only for their own sakes, should highly esteem them ; though more so for their works sake : since without it, the best doctrine will be ill-received, the brightest example seen in the worst light ; both ineffectual, as unfruitful, not being mixt with faith in them that receive it. Take heed then, that there be not in any of you an evil heart of unbelief : sound principles, thus early imbibed, will be our best guides in life ; fences against vice, under the numerous temptations, which so easily beset us ; and our test of truth, our preservative against error, amidst a multiplicity of differing opinions, as inconsiderately advanced, as wantonly defended in places of publick resort, amidst men of all religions, and men of none, neither knowing what they say, nor whereof they affirm ; yet each strenuous for his own set of principles, generally taken on trust ; and expecting the compliment of yours, and 'tis well, if they do not prevail, if you are not prepared to answer theirs, and defend your own. And very recent examples are not wanting, where having not, we may presume, any settled principles, or good habits, men have turned, from the very best, to the worst of religions ; from good discipline, to non. ;

none, or what is worse, a bad one, at the expence of their sense, and their honesty: having put away a good conscience, of faith they make shipwreck.

But we, it is hoped, are not of such as draw back unto perdition, but to the saving of the soul: As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away; unstable as waters, they shall not excel; for unless there be, with a humility of mind, a teachable, tractable temper; and with an honesty of heart, a strength of resolution, a solidity of judgment, in consequence of a clearness of perception; the most powerful motives, though never so frequently enforced, will be overlooked, or perverted; the most obvious meanings misunderstood; the highest evidence deemed insufficient; the best religion, or the ablest advocates for it, be treated no better than the worst; the greatest endeavours, to persuade, will but the more prejudice, and disgust; as the wholesomest advice, for want of proper digestion, may become the most offensively noisome.

But he that, in an honest, and good heart, receives, with gladness, the ingrafted word, not being an unprofitable hearer, but doer of the word, will evidence the goodness of his principles, by that of his practice; he shall have praise of the same, for his deeds will applaud him:

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like a tree planted by the water side, he shall bring forth his fruit in due season; his leaf shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doth it shall prosper!

O N

The Certainty of our FAITH.

THE gospel is that scheme of salvation, which is descended from Heaven; given us by the father of light to enlighten us, who lay in darkness, without hope; and to raise us from earth, to which, by sin, we were bound, to the glorious liberty of the sons of God, which by transgression we lost; for by Adam we all were made subject to sin, and death; therefore we all die; but in Christ we all are made alive.

This a part of that mysterious œconomy, which is but partially revealed in scripture, is imperfectly comprehended by us; and, therefore, liable, it may be, to some objections, drawn from our ignorance. For, as we see but in part, we can prophecy but in part. We do not as yet perceive either that perfection, or fully possess that happiness, which we are taught to expect; and which the gospel proposes to us, as the
object

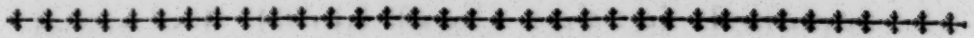
object of our faith, as the end of our religion, and the reward of our labours : for, as that is future, it can only be spiritually discerned. Reason may evince, in some measure, the necessity of it ; scripture alone, the absolute certainty of it. This revealing to us things, to the natural man before unseen ; and we, believing these scriptures given by inspiration, testifying these things, walk by that faith, and not by sight ; and we rejoice in that light, as it dissolves our difficulties, dissipates our doubts, and directs us in our wandering search after truth.

Wherefore to be convinced of this faith, is plainly to believe, that there is another life after this, whereof God hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised Christ from the dead ; and as He is risen, He is become the first fruits of them that slept : for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

This being a state of probation, and progression, this but the infancy of our being, reaching on to a further existence ; the plan, which is but begun here, must be compleated hereafter in righteousness. This God hath set beyond all doubt, by a living example, in that He hath raised Christ from the dead ; a fact, so far from

it's being of human contrivance, as it was beyond all human agency; that it was not so much as thought of by his disciples, who were greatly astonished at the bare relation of it; for as yet they knew not, that he was again to rise according to the scriptures; and the circumstances of their incredulity, and manner of conviction, by all the ways of sensible demonstration, are as remarkable, as they are very important; carrying, with them, all that evidence any reasonable person can expect, and even more than any, but the most incredulous would have desired; which shews it to be a fact, not blindly admitted, without examination; but on the severest tryal, which convinced their very senses, and forced their assent. And if there are any so weak, as not to see the evidence, or so prejudiced, as not to believe it; they do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. Were it either absurd from the nature of the thing itself, or impossible to the nature of God; or, if neither absurd, nor impossible, yet if it wanted sufficient proof, infidels might have some shadow of an excuse: but as none of these can be, with justness, alledged; infidels must be highly inexcusable. For what puts the matter beyond all contradiction, and what prepared men, for the admission of Christ's resurrection; what himself had foretold, and what they might easily credit,

credit, as in other instances they had seen it accomplished, is, that Christ himself had raised the dead, and among others, one that had been longer dead, than his own body was to lie in the grave: and all that saw that of the Ruler's daughter, the widow of *Nain's* son, and of *Lazarus*, enemies as well as friends, must undoubtedly have known, and believed a resurrection from the dead, if they were capable of conviction, if not hardened in unbelief, and judicially blinded. For it is highly credible, that He, who voluntarily laid down his life, should have power to take it again; and that God, who permitted Him, his only son, to offer up himself as a satisfaction to offended justice, an offering for sin, and according to *Isaiab's* prediction, to take upon him the sins of all, to be crucify'd, — to be slain for our sins — himself without sin — that he would not suffer his holy one to see corruption: that hereby innocence might be cleared, the truth of religion established:—and by thus giving testimony to the truth, he manifests his power, and the justice of providence.



On the Reception of CHRISTIANITY.

I. The General Evidence of Religion.

II. The Nature of it.

THE utility, and the humane gentle disposition of our religion, might induce us to expect a much better reception for it, than, in fact, it has in these days met with. The extraordinary miracles, and the cloud of witnesses, which at first attested it, and the many Apologies for, and Defences of it, written in these latter ages, especially; the united labours of the learned in all, with the great improvements in every kind of literature, we might rationally imagine should have opened the eyes, and mended the hearts of mankind; that an infidel in religion, would seem as a monster in nature; and less often should we be called on to lay again, and assert the very fundamentals, instead of enforcing only the practice of it's duties.

In the primitive ages we are told, with a resistless force, it was displayed to the remotest corners of the habitable earth; and like the sun itself, to which, for its lustre, and celerity, it has been compared by the Evangelists; it triumphantly shone over the grossest clouds of ignorance

norance, and error ; superstition, and idolatry fled before it, and the long expected day-spring rose in their hearts. They saw it, they were glad. Ere long, the cares, the riches, the voluptuousness, the indulgences of life, thick-sown by the enemy, choaked the good seed, increasing the obstacles to its progress from without ; and begetting a variety of prejudices within.

Of this kind the two most obvious objections, which I shall only at present mention, though of a very different nature, yet urged for the same bad ends, are drawn, one from the plainness, the other from the difficulty of the christian faith, and duty ; both equally offensive to the infidels of this age, as were, to those of old, the severity of the Baptist, and the gentleness of Christ.

The Deists contend, that our religion contains only such precepts of morality, as nature, and reason had given us before, which (if true) is so far from being an objection, that it should be a reason, with *them* at least, for obeying it ; since they, themselves being judges, might allow, as they ought, no other religion ever raised moral virtue higher, ever more encouraged it's knowledge, or more recommended it's practice. There cannot be a religion, whose precepts are more perfect, whose rewards are more excellent, or whose propagation was more wonderful.

Yet

Yet some are offended at it's simplicity; like *Naaman*, they expect something very extraordinary to convince them. And what more would they desire, than a series of miraculous acts, God himself bearing testimony to the truth, and proclaiming it by his authority? And,

Secondly, true it is, different subjects require different kinds of evidence: the christian religion has the strongest, which can be alledged, more powerful than the Mosaic, and very different from the Mahometan, which had nothing but iniquity, and force for its rise, and it's progress: by the arm of flesh being propagated, and by it's indulgence supported.

Ours had neither of them, and nothing but evident truths to convince the understanding, and the most rational proofs to induce an assent: and certainly that, whose testimony is without any suspicion, ought to persuade, to oblige us; tho' at this distance of time, 'tis short of intuition, or the demonstration of sense, though not, at all, of sound reason; and sufficiently cogent, since the first christians had it, they saw, they were convinced — So *they* preach, and so *we* believe; and blessed are they, who, though they have not in like manner seen, yet have believed. What else is the obedience of faith, and why is there a peculiar reward offered to the faithful? Tho' we have not the same kind of evidence, as the
primitive

primitive christians had ; yet the united testimony of them, who saw with their own eyes, and handled with their own hands, being true witnesses of what they deliver, and faithful relators of what they both saw, and heard, gaining the assent of so many great, and good men in all ages, induces the strongest presumption of it's being true, especially, when they had equal abilities, with any now a days, of examining ; and many more opportunities, than *we* have of coming at the truth, which, on *their* credit therefore, *we* ought to receive, unless we can prove they were incompetent judges, were deceived themselves, or were under any temptation to, and actually did, deceive others : if neither their abilities, nor opportunities, nor all their marks of uprightness will suffer us to mistrust them ; if neither the hopes of gain could allure, nor temptations could invite them, nor fears of immediate death could deter them from asserting what they knew, and acting in consequence of what they professed ; what shall we say of, what mark black enough shall we brand them with, who, when they know, and are persuaded of the truth, chuse for the pleasures, and riches, and honours of this life, to profess, and live a lie, and will side with any party, that is not against them, and even profess any principles, that flatter their vanity, that favour their vices, and forward their ruin ; while by promising them

66 ON THE RECEPTION

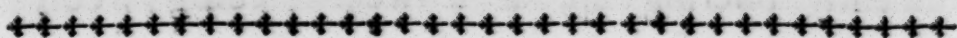
liberty, they really make them the greater bond-slaves of sin?

And are then the scanty, the uncertain things of this life to be put in competition with, and can they over-balance, the unchangeable, and ever certain treasures of the other? Yet so it is in this world: present delights outweigh the expectations of future happiness, and even the uncertainties, nay the temporary joys, and the very certain consequential disasters, intended, providentially, to deter, are often preferred to, are chosen before, the hopes, and the treasures of eternity; and darkness, and, with our eyes open, destruction, rather than light, and salvation: and the reason is annexed, because their deeds are evil. Having put away a good conscience, of faith they have made shipwreck, have contracted ill habits, and cannot take pleasure in any thing else: much less in a religion, so opposite to their inclinations, that disturbs them in their pleasures, and taxes them with their follies, which have made them faithless, and, in their own eyes, faultless, and of God entirely fearless, and unmindful, that His patience was not of forgetfulness, much less of forgiveness, but to lead them to a speedy repentance; yet they never forego their accustomed delights, 'till they have lost their sweetness, that is, themselves have lost their relish, those evil days, the wiseman foretold, being come, wherein they have no pleasure

pleasure in them. Then they may think of confidently offering up, as a sweet-smelling favour, the remains of their vices, to the God of all purity, the fountain of all perfection.

Our Saviour, in his parable of the *Sower*, intimates all this, and that the reception, and success of his doctrines will be very different, according to the different dispositions of mankind: that the word preached will, like good seed sown, be choaked, where the tares are suffered to grow; where the riches, and cares of this life have possession of the heart; and the Apostle says, it will not profit, not being mixt with faith in them that hear it.

The strictness, the simplicity, and the purity of the Christian doctrines, have ever been objections to men of libertine principles, and abandoned in morals. Present pleasures will always have their votaries; while the distant prospects of another life after this, (if through fear they are induced to believe it) are very little engaging: for if they believe it, it is, like [the Devils, whom they serve, to tremble at it. And well would it be for them, and better for the rest of their fellow creatures, would they act under a due sense of it; as greater friends to themselves, and less injurious to others.



On the EVIDENCE,
AND
ESTABLISHMENT of RELIGION.

I Am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, says the Apostle * St. Paul ; and a greater, than an Apostle, says, Whosoever is ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous, and sinful generation, of him also will I be ashamed.

Shame arises from the consideration of the unworthiness of the object, about which we are conversant ; and its unsuitableness to the dignity of our nature, and to the importance of our character. Herein the Apostle's choice is as free from any imputation of levity, as his conscience was void of any offence, or indignity : since the Gospel is most agreeable to truth ; is the ornament, the perfection of our reason ; is for the dignity of nature, the peace of conscience, the cement of society, and the tranquillity of the world ; since it is the infallible way to salvation, having the words of eternal life, and the promi-

Romans, Chap. I. Verse 16.

ses of future rewards ; and, for obtaining them, giving us the means of grace, setting forth to us the use, and the efficacy of a lively faith, and true repentance, the method of an attone-ment, through the merits of our saviour, and the way for sinners to be reconciled. — Doctrines these the most comfortable in themselves, and the most interesting in their consequences; big with the hopes of this life, and that which is future : points, however desirable, the ancient philosophy knew nothing of, and could give no satisfaction in : the utmost the philosophers could do, was either to rest in uncertainty ; or hope, as some few did, for a better state of existence : but when, or where, their researches could not discover ; being only a dim light, enough to shew them the horror of, not sufficient to lead them out of darkness, and the shadow of death ; being only science, falsely so called ; the wisdom of the world, which was foolishness with God. Whereas, the Gospel was, literally, to all that sat in darkness a shining lamp ; good tidings to sinners, to the Gentiles a light, and to Israel a glory : for them hath the sun of righteousness rose, with healing on his wings.

In this view, were we to consider the expedi-ency, or the excellence of the christian dispensa-tion, and particularise the virtues, and extensive advantages of it's moral, and positive precepts ;
shewing

shewing how the latter tend to the observation of the other, and both to the welfare of all, when compared with what are laid down by the wisest of the ancients ; we might easily see the excellence, and utility of the one ; and the imperfection, and uselessness of the other, to work a reformation ; and what good reason the Philosopher had to wish for, and expect an authoritative teacher to be sent from, and commissioned by heaven ; and why the Apostle, as in this, so in all his other Epistles, glories in his Gospel, boasts of his commission, and magnifys his office ; reflecting so much on the weakness of mere human reason, as an insufficient guide, in matters of religion ; and asserting, that there was no other name, but that of Christ's, given among men, whereby they were to be saved ; being therefore expressly called *Jesus*, and commissioned to be the anointed, Christ, to save his people from sin.

Barely the great advances, and improvements made by it, in all points of morality, before highly desirable, but till then grossly defective ; enabling men more clearly to apprehend, and much better to practise them, with greater assurances of faith, more grace to perform, and stronger hopes of an acceptance ; proposing to them the only way of appeasing the offended Majesty of Heaven ; offering us the easy conditions of faith, and repentance, and the proper means

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means to strengthen the one, and promote the other; with terrors, to keep us from any thing evil; and rewards to invite, and motives to encourage us, in our doing well, in every view must be highly expedient. Yet, if either a regard for his own, and the true interests of mankind could influence his affections; if any thing useful, any thing true could conclude, and affect his judgment; if any virtue, any praise could stir up his zeal, or merit his attention; all these the Apostle had supereminently heightened by his spiritual gifts, in confirmation of their truth; and by the extraordinary commission, which was even then vouchsafed him, when he was an enemy to the cross, a persecutor, and injurious in unbelief; yet obtained he mercy, to be sent forth, as an Apostle, when he was not deserving of the least of God's favours, unworthy of being the least of the Apostles; nay, even of being so much as called an Apostle. The manner of his conversion, and practice consequent on it, in every respect, so different to what it had been, and so disadvantageous to him, in a temporal view, from what it would have been, must be looked on, as presumptive proofs of his sincerity, as, also, evidences of the divinity of his commission, and veracity of his doctrine. And nothing, but this faith, could be the matter of his hope, and ground of his consolation; nothing, but this, could

could animate his zeal, could speak comfort to his soul, could raise it above it's afflictions; whose pleasures never satiate, never pall on the senses, are never lost in the enjoyment; but are sweetest in contemplation, and redoubled by reflection.

All earthly things tend only to depress, the more they seem to refresh; and the higher the spirits are raised by their presence, the more they are sunk at their loss: but these grow, even whilst we decay; and, as they are anticipations of bliss, they elevate us, from Earth, up to Heaven.

There is a certain innate loveliness in religion, which is better felt, than expressed, which exceeds all description: amiable in itself, though it were never admired; deserving all encouragement, though by all disregarded; claiming esteem even from the profligate; extorting from them praise, even in their detraction; while it excites in them envy, from it's superiority; as it kindles in them a secret love for it, which they would as openly avow, but that it would give the lye to their manners, and would as openly practice, did they but imagine it, as easy, as vice. For who would be in love with beggary, could he as easily, by frugality, preserve his estate, as, by prodigality, ruin it? who would chuse infamy, and disrespect, could he purchase the good opinion of mankind, by any thing but temperance, and a right conduct?

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conduct? and who would not chuse even temperance, for the sake of his health; frugality, for the sake of his fortune; justice, for the sake of peace; and religion, for the sake of them all? but that evil communications having gradually corrupted good manners, we come to like, or if not that, by a kind of necessity, for want of other pleasures, and better notions, to pursue what before we detested; and should again like, could we as easily divest ourselves of ill habits, as we, at first, acquired them. For who would not chuse his appetites should be in subjection to his judgment? Who would not rather be governed by reason, than passion? Who would not prefer the endless satisfaction of conscience, to the pleasures of sin, for a season; a rational freedom, to brutal tyranny; or forego the present gratifications of sense, for those expected hereafter, and superior, in degree, and exquisiteness, as in extent, and duration? The shortness, and the emptiness of all other pursuits, and studies will sufficiently evince the folly, and the fallacy of those, who are enslaved by, who are bigotted to them.

False Philosophy, for instance, tends not to make men either wiser, or better, or more easie in their stations; but to disturb, and unfit them, for becoming so; filling them with airy notions of something seemingly real, having

no other Being, but in their imaginations ; and, by dwelling on amusements, disqualifying them for the serious employments of life : instead of a humility best suited to their stations, and a modesty becoming any state, puffing them up with pride, on their shallow attainments ; pursuing a flying shadow, when they might secure the substantial, and never-fading doctrines of truth, sealed, and made sure to us, by the oracles of the source of all truth. All other knowledge being of little other use, and it is well if it be so properly applied, but to open the mind, to teach it to expand itself after farther acquirements, and by *their* insufficiency to seek after the perfecter truths of the Gospel.

Other Religions, which are men's inventions, in the Deity's worship, which are either the corruptions of the law, such were all the heathen ; or innovations on the Gospel, such as the Mahometan rites, and tenets, built on the infirmities, and supported by the ignorance, as they are instances of the weakness, and great degeneracy of mankind ; which dishonour the Deity, and debase human nature ; which sanctify moral turpitude, and deify vice ; which either encourage immorality, or not sufficiently discountenance it ; as we all disavow their profession, it is to be hoped, we shall also their corruptions : for what profit had they, or what can any have, in those things,

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things, of which even they were, and much more we ought to be, ashamed? their ignorance, God winked at, in hopes of their amendment; but now all are commanded every where to repent, and be saved. And to whom should they go, but unto Christ, for He hath the words of eternal life, the power of God, and the efficacy of the Spirit unto salvation: the beneficial effects of which shew,

Secondly, Their great use, and expediency.

What, but this, could speak life into them, that were dead in transgression? what else could animate his disciples with hope, who, on his crucifixion, were in the depth of despondency? or what could kindle in them such zeal, as to make their hearts burn within them, as Christ talked with them, but He that spake as never man spoke, He that worked powerfully in them to their conversion.

Notwithstanding the reasonableness, and expediency of the Gospel precepts, carrying with them the marks of sincerity, and to the learned the demonstrations of truth; to recommend them more extensively to the ignorant, and the incurious, as well as men of learning, and inquisitiveness, some suitable evidences were expedient to strike the attention, to make them examine the truths, powerfully to instruct, and persuade

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the understanding, and authoritatively to influence, and force the heart. And of this kind were the miraculous proofs; the efficacy of them, and the prevalence of the doctrines, in consequence of them, sufficiently shew their use, and expediency.

To convert so many thousands, from the prejudices of education, and the bias of inveterate custom, and force of example; to make them forego their darling pleasures, their inbred vices, and views of advancement, for self-denial, temperance, and abasement: and amidst all the temptations to indulgence, the smiles of courts, and the favours of princes, to chuse bonds, imprisonments, and death itself, when they might be so easily evaded, as *Pliny* informs us, by taking hold of the statue of the Emperor, or falling down to a stock, or undergoing circumcision; something extraordinary there certainly must have been; something more than human to animate their faith, and inspire them with so much resolution, to resist all temptations, to endure such contempt, standing in those fiery tryals, such a fight of afflictions; and, at length, by their patience, and meekness, and good conversation, which they their enemies beheld, to subdue even their conquerors, and disarm their very tormentors.

But

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But now, that such extraordinary assistances are ceased, as no farther found expedient; since Christianity has, on such solid foundations, been so long established: and it not being the method of providence, to govern free, and rational agents by uncontrollable acts, when their salvation is near them, when the means of it are in their very mouths.

We have only the ordinary grace of God to co-operate with our own good endeavours, to recommend our doctrines; to refute the arguments of adversaries, and to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, as well as of all such opinionative innovators, as either by subtle objections artfully thrown out, or by fair pretences, and smooth speeches, stagger the faith of many, and impose on the credulity of more.

Since He is faithful that has promised, He will ever assist, will never forsake us; we must co-operate with him, to make his power efficacious. Not that he really wants our assistance, but he chuses to act by natural means; and we are his instruments, in enlightening the world; tho' we have this our light in (poor) earthen vessels; as in a large house there are many utensils; as in the body natural, and the politic, there are many members, some to honour, and some to less honour; the lowest is, relatively, as useful, and absolutely as necessary, though not repu-

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reputedly as honourable, as the highest; and though many of us have no reason to boast of our stations, we have not any to be ashamed of our profession.

Whatever success, or reception, ourselves, or our office may meet with in the world, the foundation standeth sure; having this seal, that the Lord knoweth, and supporteth, those that are his; giving us this ground of consolation, this assurance of hope; lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

That the gospel may shine forth, before men, in it's primitive lustre, as extensively, as it was intended, beneficially; that the communication of your faith may be rendered effectual; that it's moral rectitude may be acknowledged; its benign influence felt, and it's saving health, extensively spread among all nations; that the objections urged against it, from it's non-universality, may be timely removed; and that clear of any incumbrances from within, or obstructions from without, it may have it's free course. Some things, on our part, should be observed, some cautionary directions might not be, perhaps, altogether impertinently offered, as,

First, That we should examine it impartially, convince ourselves fully, and then explain it, as it was, at first, delivered, very faithfully; neither
loading

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loading it with absurdities, or novelties ; doctrines, neither to be found in it, or to be defended by it.

Creatures only of our own imaginations, having no other existence, but in our ignorance of the true sense of scripture : it is surprizing to think, what very different treatment it hath met with, in different ages ; according as civil liberty, learning, and a freedom of enquiry, have more or less flourished ; and, what would be more surprizing, did it not appear from observation too evident, in civil, as well as religious concerns : so subtle, and almost indiscernable, or blended, are the boundaries of virtue, and vice, that one extreme, has only been removed to make way for the other ; that the rise, and decline have been proportionably rapid : the lights, and shades imperceptibly running into, and succeeding each other.

Hence, various have been the systems advanced, and very opposite, sometimes, the sentiments to defend them ; every one finding, or imagining he has found, something to justify his system : inso-much, that out of them all, a quite new, and a very different Gospel, might be more easily framed, than defended.

Every Sectarist pleads scripture, for his opinion ; condemning every other, but his own ; and sometimes even that, when his memory, or invention

vention, (as we may easily suppose him bewildered) shall fail him; modelling it according to his own mind, making it of an air of gloominess, or levity, and just as changeable, and fantastical, as himself.

Some also, hoping in their shew of Godliness, to find their gain, have made the terms of acceptance so lax, as to exclude none, or justify any thing. Others, so rigidly narrow, yet, with a reservation of a dispensing power, in behalf of themselves, as to admit of none, but of their own class, and their own particular way of thinking. This method of modelling it, after their own fashion, of adapting it to their own humours, obliging some, to the exclusion of others, may be for their own, never can be, for the interest of the church: while it pleases the dissolute, must be offensive to the serious of every communion, and give cause of complaint, as it need also, of scandal.

If our religion cannot be embraced, and defended, as it was at first proposed, on it's own intrinsic evidences, it ought not, it cannot be defended by any: for all others, like wood, hay, stubble, erected on a good foundation, will, so far from strengthening, only, by raising it higher, the more expose, and weaken it; encumber, and disgrace it. And to what else can be attributed the little success the Church of Rome has had,
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among men, not superstitiously inclined, not of weak heads, little sense, or no learning, of late years; notwithstanding the great pains taken, and immense treasures spent, in propagating their faith abroad, while infidelity has been gaining ground, at home; gradually rising, like their present state, and city, on the ruins of antient arts, and antient freedom, and virtue? and it scarce can be otherwise, while they forge, and set to the seal of the great God of truth, to countenance such palpable absurdities, such flagrant enormities, which even common sense must see through, common honesty cannot but detect, and the most extraordinary charity cannot excuse them.

Never were such pretences made, or miracles forged, but in the most dark, and ignorant ages; and never can be alledged, or maintained, but by such, as are like them; or such as cannot examine them. Be it the glory of the Protestant cause, as it is the bulwark, to make the scriptures the only rule of their faith, and their manners; and

Secendly, not to exact an implicit belief, but to try the faith by that rule; for truth hath no enemies, but the ignorant, and heedless: though in the furnace, it loses nothing of its weight, but refines, and brightens by the tryal. If the credentials are found to be true,

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the doctrines ought to be admitted entire, and the veracity of them presumed on the seal of the attestor, and the credit of the relators. And this is not the blind, and implicit belief the Romanists contend for ; only a tryal whether the credentials alledged, are the evidences of truth ; whether the scriptures, recommended by them, are the oracles of God, who cannot lie ; and whether the doctrines are, or not, the adulterate impositions of men ; a tryal, by that authority, whether the doctrines are of God, worthy of Him to give us ; and *us*, to be ruled by. Rational creatures cannot be swayed, in their judgments, by any thing, but evidence ; and rational Christians cannot be made by any thing less, than conviction : compulsion may silence, but can solve no objections ; it may make men seemingly of one mind, when really of none, that is good ; it may make men secretly vicious, scarce will it religious.

As we should not load Christianity with idle superstitions, or lax explications ; neither should we, with too much severity, deter men ; or, by throwing down its fences, leave it undefended, to invite profelytes, who will never be true converts ; or make alterations, merely to please those, who seem not in a disposition to be pleased with any thing, but what themselves project.

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This would be only giving them greater occasions of cavilling, as more hopes of succeeding ; and who, after all, will never be pleased, with any other alteration, but that of our whole polity ; the dissolution of *our* system, and the establishment of their *own*.

This, thirdly, if any thing, should make us the more earnestly contend for that faith, which was delivered, as in scripture, to the saints, and, in its defence, to quit ourselves, like men, and be strong.

For it is a great mistake to imagine, that unbelievers are to be feared, for any thing, but their presumption, or, as if infidelity was really founded on reason, and supported by argument. Whatever it may pretend to, other, and better reasons may be assigned for it ; and of which Christianity cannot avail itself, as being contrary to what it delivers, the truth.

Deists, and Freethinkers, are generally men of bad education, or bad lives, who either never examined the proofs, or entertained any hopes of the promises of it ; for before hope, there must of necessity be a belief of it, whose interest they think it is, it should not be true ; who, therefore, easily suffer themselves to believe it to be false, greedily listening to every slight argument, that favours their *side*, and flatters their judgment ; and if ever they patiently attend to any thing,

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that makes against them, it is only to find out somewhat to object to it: easily crediting what they wish to be true; averse to every thing that convinces them of folly, that will lead them out of error; loving darkness, which hides their deformity from them; and hating the light, as it would display their odiousness, abate their self-love, and make them abhor themselves; as it would shew them, how much they have lost, and how little they have gained, in exchange for their souls.

The little light, they might have, they industriously shut out, because it points out their forfeit, and all their little skill is made use of, only to palliate, and defend their misconduct. Whereas, so clear is revelation, so convincing it's proofs, so very excellent it's precepts, and so highly encouraging it's promises, half the pains, which they take to be infidels, would make them true converts.

As to religious disputes, it is the ill-management of them that is most to be blamed; as to the illiterate, only the ill consequence is most to be dreaded. Unanimity, no more than perfection, is to be expected; especially in cases, difficult, and dubious; when the several turns, tempers, and dispositions of mankind, are often as different, as the air they breathe, and the customs they are bred to.

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In things disputable, it is no wonder men differ, though no manner of reason, why they should disagree; and no more reason have we to be angry with others, for seeing with their own eyes, and judging, and acting, according to their own consciences, than they have, that we should overlook theirs, and judge, and act by our own. And why see we the mote in our brother's eye, when we disregard the like in our own eye?⁸

All see not the same objects, in the self-same lights: all are not in the same situations, nor have equal degrees of application, or judgment; much less the same genius to improve, or inclination to enquire, or leisure, or strength, to admit of laborious researches: neither have they the helps, and advantages, some, nay, all of this place, have, or at least, may have; happy, if they are but sensible of, and thankful for them, and, withal, make a due use of them.

A free, rational, and impartial enquiry, such as our education fits us for, and the method of it leads to, no one can blame, every one must encourage, when undertaken by such as are properly qualified, such as proceed with due caution, and true judgment, and that will not be wise, above that which is written. As for such as are obstinate, let their own unsuccessful conceits be their punishment, and neglect and shame, their promotion.

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In points of necessity, and to be known for salvation, and such as are relative to practice, Revelation is sufficiently clear, and it's meaning precise, if we will not quarrel about it, if we will but submit to it; as also in higher points, if we will but attentively study, and compare the parallel passages, spiritual things with spiritual, let scripture be it's own, as it is it's best interpreter; if we will not, by foreign interpretations, wrest it, or, forced conceits, torment it, and by explaining, puzzle it.

If we come to holy writ, full of our own sense, and not to learn the sense of scripture; if we come for argument, to defend our own system by it, and not to deduce it; in every page, we shall fancy, we read, as we list; seeing indeed what we will, but not perceiving what we ought to understand; and collecting every other meaning, but the true one. Such, in the Apostle's sense, studying to be wise, become fools, and fall much below the condition of madmen; for these, from wrong principles, draw conclusions, that are right; but those, from the good scriptural sense, know not how to draw any, but what is worse than none, a bad one; calling, and fondly substituting, the product of their own warm imaginations, arrant nonsense, for the true meaning.

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But no scripture is of private interpretation, or as we arbitrarily please to explain it; but holy men, of old, spoke, as they were moved by the holy spirit, who directed their words to be expressive of His determinate will, agreeable to the fixed analogy, and purport of faith. And for this faith, as delivered to the Saints, let us contend.

Were there any improbabilities, or inconsistencies proposed, as objects of faith, or any impossibilities for practice, infidelity would have more, than it ever yet had, to plead for it, reason. But as nothing of that kind has been fairly proved, however maliciously objected, the faith standeth stedfast, and it's impugnors are left without any excuse, but that of a strange assurance; or any witness, but a bad one, a self-condemned conscience.

These are the obstinate, that in scripture, are stiled Hereticks; deaf to persuasion, wilfully blind to conviction, whose mouths should be stopped, whose minds must inform them, they are wrong; pretending to be wise, are made wicked fools, whose consciences are accused, whose condemnation is just.

If the righteous scarcely is saved, where shall the ungodly, and the sinner appear! But it is to be hoped, we are not of those who draw back to perdition, but to the saving of the soul. Those, who are led by passion, blinded by prepossessions, biassed

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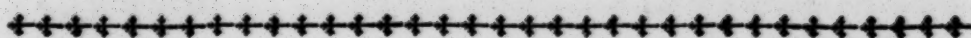
biaſſed by a wrong education, as too many of mankind have been, and ever will be, cannot be expected, as much as others of more learning, and leiſure to underſtand, or even to attend to the abſtruſe diſquiſitions of faith, or the ſolutions of doubts. It is ſufficient for them, that they do what they can ; believe as far, as their abilities will carry them, their circumſtances allow them, and their diligent, and faithful paſtors inform them ; the reſt muſt be left to the infinite mercy of Him, whoſe goodneſs is over all his works, whoſe eyes are ever over the righteous, and his ears open unto their prayers : who, as he knows their neceſſities, will regard their infirmities ; but others, who have the opportunities, and enjoy the advantages of a more liberal education, which many others would rejoice at, but muſt be debarred from, have the more reaſon to be careful, as well as to be grateful ; ſtudious to underſtand, and ſtrenuous to defend, and to hold faſt that form of ſound words, which maketh us not aſhamed, and that conſtitution, which is moſt agreeable to it ; and to profeſs that faith, and praſtiſe it, in that form, and that conſtitution, which beſt preſerves it, in it's primitive purity, in it's greateſt perfection : neither ſubſtituting doctrines, not to be found in it ; nor explaining away thoſe, that are ; either to ſhew our ſuperior acuteness, in raiſing ; or dexterity, at ſolving difficulties, only of
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our own making ; neither treating it heedlessly, or handling it deceitfully.

And lastly, that we not only conform to it ourselves, but endeavour to make others to conform to it also ; and, by a regular, and peaceable way of life, give no offence, in any thing ; that we may disarm those, who want an occasion of cavilling ; seemingly very sorry there should be so much ; when they would be grievously disappointed, should there be none. Though perfection is not to be expected any where, a good conversation would be of use, towards it, every where : and by this only they can be invited to be like us ; to have no disgust to our communion, when they have no dislike to our conversation.

That, therefore, in regard to sectarists, we make allowances for their prejudices, from a wrong education, and long-imbibed principles, not soon to be got over ; which the asperity of former times may have accidentally sharpened ; which the milder behaviour of the present has happily softened, and is still bringing them to a better temper, and juster way of thinking ; to a truer sense of *our* polity, and *their* duty ; that we may all become one fold, under one shepherd, Jesus Christ the head, and adorn the doctrine of our Saviour in all things.



On the ESTABLISHMENT
AND
PROFESSION of CHRISTIANITY.

II.

THE words above prefixed I have already considered * in regard to the evidence of Christianity, I shall now beg leave to treat of them in reference to the profession of it, amongst Christians, I mean those, who call themselves so, and the establishment of it amongst us.

First then, of the nature of our Christian profession ;

Comparing the excellence of our religion, with our practice of it ; and our persuasion with our profession ; from whence we may see, whether any thing culpable, any objections drawn from the latter, ought to affect, and prejudice the former.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, says the Apostle St. Paul ; and a greater than an Apostle says, Whosoever is ashamed of me, and

* See page 68. Romans i. 16.

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of my words, in this adulterous, and sinful generation, of him also will I be ashamed. Now whether these passages be understood as parallel, signifying, as in the common acceptation, the being ashamed to avow what we believe, and practise what we profess ; or rather to signify, a denial of the truths of religion, which may be done either by words, or actions, by sins of omission, as well as commission ; they are explanatory of each other, and sufficiently imply the unreasonableness of incredulity, and necessity of a true belief, and a consistent conduct ; and that nothing can justify a denial, or rejection of it, but what is to be found in it irrational, what is shameful, and really exceptionable ; unworthy of God to propose as the terms of acceptance, as our means of salvation ; or of man to receive as the ground of his faith, and rule of his actions.

As it has been formerly proved, here let it be premised, that the Christian faith comes recommended, and confirmed to us, by such an authority, and such facts as cannot lie ; and by such witnesses, and such testimonies as have no reason to, and morally cannot be supposed to falsify : they having given us all the credentials of truth, that could be desired, and far more than sinners could have expected ; bearing the genuine marks of sincerity, in all their doctrines, and of the greatest uprightness, in all their behaviour : the

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same truths, which they heard among many witnesses, they having committed to faithful men, who taught others also; the internal evidence, that drawn from the morality of their doctrines, is what only remains to compleat our system of faith, concurring with that of our redemption.

For the belief of our Messiah, and our salvation through him, as promised at the fall, mentioned at the end of the law, prefigured by the Paschal Lamb, and predicted by every prophet, is the principal part of our creed, and our working out our salvation through him, who is an atonement, and plenary sacrifice, by whom our imperfect services are rendered acceptable; who is an intercessor to reconcile us, our redeemer, and judge. This is the religion, which we ought to profess; and is what is clearly explained, by the Apostle to the Hebrews: otherwise, we know little of the meaning of the law, and less of the spirit of the Gospel.

I say then, nothing in this profession can be contemptible, but what is mean, debasing, dishonourable: and surely, that which is the ornament of our nature, which is the perfection of morality; which elevates the soul from Earth to Heaven, cannot be termed mean; nothing that inculcates the greatest generosity, that inspires us with a true, and consistent love for ourselves, and our country; for all mankind; for enemies as for friends;

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friends ; for others, as well as ourselves, can be debasing : nothing that enforces by the strongest sanctions all our obligations, social ties, and relative duties, that purifies the heart, that sanctifies its motions, and spiritualizes all its affections ; nothing that sets before us a crown of glory, as the great prize of our heavenly calling, can be dishonourable ; that calls on us by whatever things are pure, whatever things are honest, whatever things are lovely, whatever are of good report, to think on these things can be unbecoming.

Nor, though it promise rewards, is it, in us, mercenary ; or is it less our duty, or the virtue less of obeying it ; since it is acting in conformity to the right principles of our nature ; and with an aim to our ultimate happiness ; and with a due regard to that divine will, which alone can sanctify the act, and render it meritorious ; which alone can secure the obligations of virtue, and enforce their observance ; influencing the affections, by keeping them within bounds, or directing them to their proper objects ; checking them not to be detrimental, limiting them only to make them the more useful. And in this the great utility of it may be easily seen from, and exemplified by, the state of the world, where Christianity was never professed, compared with that where it is, or has been displayed, in its purity,

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purity, and seen in it's primitive lustre ! And how much it has made men wiser, and better, the cultivation of arts, a civility of manners, besides the improvements in every thing laudable, sufficiently evince.

But to this, Secondly, the little influence of it on the mind, or the bad lives of Christians are still made objections, and always indeed will be, as they are very apparently a scandal to it, but no real argument against it ; since they are every where condemned by it ; and it is one thing to be a Christian, in the knowledge, and letter, but widely different, in the spirit, and practice of it.

Would we judge of it from practice, we must recall the days that are past, which are reproofs to the present. Were we to review either the simplicity, and exemplary uprightness of the Apostles, and primitive Fathers, which the Apologists quote, and even pagan historians commend ; we might see abundant reason to be convinced of the real excellence of our religion ; none to be diffident in so good a cause, none to be ashamed of such a profession.

But such is the degeneracy of our nature, the force of example, the prejudice of education, and the prevalence of custom, that, though many are, by all the motives of duty, and of interest, daily invited, not many mighty men embrace it,
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few only are elected, and however they may approve of it secretly, they care not openly to profess it, and resolutely to persist in it, but by foolish, they imagine prudential, compliances; that is, unless the hopes of honours call them to it, and the fears of forfeiting them make them continue in it.

This cannot be attributed to any thing of religion, but to it's opposite, the want of it; to their being ready for any form of religion, or rather for no religion; as some of them, pleading against any fixed places for it, have strenuously contended, that God should be worshipped any where; when they only meant to worship him no where.

The decency of our publick worship, or the external shew of piety in our congregations, the strictness of the doctrine the ministers preach, or the soundness of the faith the people profess, are little available in the eye of Him, who seeth not as man seeth, without a correspondent holiness, integrity, and inoffensiveness of behaviour; which are more efficacious, as more striking, than dry precept.

Yet next to the truth of this, nothing has been, I will not say, more maliciously observed, than the want of it; and the promiscuousness of our assemblies, made an objection, a pretence at least, for not worshiping with us at all; which, if it may be called an objection, will be found almost

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unavoidable, and conclude against any forms, or publick worship whatsoever.

And as it is an objection to all public worship, and all religious assemblies, which from their very nature, as consisting of many bad compared with the few truly good of mankind ; it will also conclude against the prayers, and endeavours of those, who most ought to ask, as they really most need, the pity of God, and the prayers of their brethren.

In short, if public worship tends to the glory of God, and the benefit of mankind ; any unworthiness of a few, or suppose of many, will not prevent the good effects of the others more devout ; rather for the sake of the few righteous, many have been saved, and turned unto righteousness ; as here their devotion is inflamed, and true zeal is brightened by the examples, and joint endeavours of a whole congregation ; which has this remarkable promise from our Saviour, an earnest of his assistance, and assurance of a well-grounded hope, that, where two, or three are thus, in his name, and under his influence gathered together, there will He be aiding, and cooperating with the Holy Spirit ; which, however disputed by the Infidel, who has, by his own confession, no portion in it, is earnestly hoped for, endeavoured at, and comfortably perceived in all his undertakings, especially in these *his* ordinances, by the faithful.

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As to any faults in this, or any other respect, allowances, in certain circumstances, ought to be made ; and the most intelligent, and the best men, who ever are the most candid, will make them ; since, in many things we offend all ; and perfection is rather to be aimed at, to be wished for, than expected, in this life. Yet it must be confessed, as it is too apparent, and never enough to be lamented, that the cold, irreverent conduct of some, as well as the indiscreet, fiery zeal of more, have made most others ashamed of them, who could not, or would not, blush for themselves.

The extravagance of enthusiasm has introduced a secret lukewarmness, or indifference in some, and an open contempt, and profaneness in others.

Again, the ill conduct of others has given of late an unhappy occasion, in some, who were glad of taking any, where really was no just cause of *separation*; expecting, as they pretend, greater perfection, and more edification in their private assemblies ; taking unto themselves teachers, having itching ears : which, with those, who differ from them, may be the seeds of farther contention.

But the servant of the Lord, would he observe the commands of his Lord, must not strive, must not quarrel, though he ought to contend for the faith ; though that word of faith only, which was delivered to the saints, which was heard among

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many witnesses, which was committed to faithful men ; and that form of sound words, which has been so happily established amongst us ; he must be gentle to all, of every persuasion, how unfortunately soever differing from him, as every other method will but exasperate. He must be apt to teach, as willing, as able to inform them better : patient of contradiction ; for this must be expected, from all those especially, that are trained up in the schools of contention ; with early-instilled prejudices against our religious establishment, with a mean opinion of our methods of education, of our abilities, of our learning ; and an utter contempt of our church, its discipline, and its authority.

Yet we must in charity, hoping better things of them, bear with their scruples, without encouraging them in any errors, any follies, or extravagancies ; or if it should be necessary to probe, not making those wounds to bleed, which time, and a better treatment hath, or may cure ; as much as lieth in us, living peaceably with those, that dwell securely by us, ever in meekness instructing those that oppose.

And when with such a temper, controversies are, for controversies may arise among the best of men, and shall be undertaken with such views, and such moderation conducted ; they will not
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be so dangerous to the parties, nor so very offensive to the weak, yet well-wishers to our cause, the cause of truth; many difficulties will be cleared up, many abstruse passages explained, and many doubts solved; as more able, and wiser heads have been set at work, only to satisfy the minds, and explain difficult truths to the capacities of the weak, and illiterate; and many, and great have been the advantages.

Hence merit is encouraged to shine forth, and exert itself; the oracles of truth are more narrowly watched, and kept uncorrupt; and when objections are raised, and appeals to them made, they are diligently searched, and more accurately examined; and hence, I believe, it may with justness be affirmed, that never since the apostolical age were the doctrines better understood, than at present; and I wish it could be said, with equal justness, practised.

Hence give me leave to observe, and infer, first, that a free, and rational inquiry, into the evidences, and truths of religion, must be always of service; and the scriptures, which alone contain them, ought not to be denied to any, as manifestly intended for the use, and benefit of all: as in necessary matters they are sufficiently clear; the ignorance of them, in this age especially, if not in any, is unpardonable.

As to matters, confessedly incomprehensible; if they are above us, if not intended to be thoroughly known by us at present; any misapprehension of them will not be so inexcusable, as a contempt of them; or, as our ignorance of what we might have known, or neglect of what we ought to have done, where our capacities, and abilities were adequate, and very sufficient.

Other matters, that are reputed indifferent, or are of the imagination, rather curious, than useful, may be dispensed with, by such, as know better how to employ themselves, about business of their own, than about the idle reveries of those, that have none.

And if, after all, in the hands of some unlearned, the scriptures should suffer; as they have opportunities of divesting themselves of error, and of coming at the knowledge of the truth; if more good is done by allowing, than evil is prevented, by denying them to the generality; certainly, this good, actually done, should overbalance any evils, only surmised.

But it is well known for what sinister ends they are denied in Roman Catholic countries; in short, for the arbitrary power of their priests; for their imposing whatever interpretations, doctrines, or fetters they please on the minds of the blind; and keeping them in subjection to the papal usurpation: the *Pope's* supremacy, and infallibility
being

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being now the grand, and, I had almost said, the only points they so strenuously insist on; and the reason is plain, as they necessarily, and very naturally, lead to, and infer all the rest.

And here, secondly, it is to be considered, as it has been too much experienced, it is much still to be feared, in all disputes, as in parties of every kind, prejudice, and passion, as they ever had, ever will have, a very great influence, and obstruct the free course of the Gospel; and in none have they more been seen, where they least of all should have been, than in matters of Religion; and none have been attended with more deplorable consequences.

But no more are these to be charged on the Gospel, than those devastations occasioned by the abuses of it, which it was intended to prevent, can be imputed to our Law. For both, like the best things, may be perverted most efficaciously, to the worst ends, by bad men, whose nature neither can change, and whose mischief, as it is generally covert, who can foresee or prevent?

Thirdly, As to mere differences in, or about forms, or tenets of it; errors are natural; and none need to be surpris'd at them, unless men were, or could be, created all-perfect, and infallible; or could make themselves impeccable, and unblameable.

As

As all men, who think at all, acknowledge the more momentous, or necessary parts of faith for salvation; as they appeal to, and will try their faith by the scripture; whatever, or how erroneous so ever, interpretations are put on it, the foundation standeth sure, and it's structure unshaken; Christ the corner stone of his spiritual building, and whosoever believeth in him, shall not, and need not, be confounded: for, as on a rock, on the true belief, and confession of the Messiah, is the church built; and the gates, and powers of hell, as it is promised, shall never prevail against it.

It is not in the power of any on earth to command success; nor of any doctrine imposed, however right, to oblige irresistably, or without proper, and previous conviction, to induce even an assent; or of any religion, or any obligation, to force a compliance; powerfully it may persuade, by laying down it's evidences, and advantages; or deter, by displaying the consequent inconveniences; any thing farther would be inconsistent with the nature of the obliged, and the true notion of moral obligation.

As the Scriptures are laid before us, as the certain rules of our faith, and our manners; so plain in the points most momentous, that he that runs may read them; as our faith stands not on a few difficult, or disputable texts, but on many clearer

clearer, and more intelligible ; which, duly compared, and well interpreted, make up a consistent scheme of the analogy of faith ; as we have all the evidences of their being genuine, that can be expected ; if any will not be convinced by the words, or persuaded by the authority of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ, and all his Apostles, and by the testimony, and the creeds, of the primitive Fathers, and Apologists, men of abilities, and of credit, who constantly professed, and bravely died for the faith ; neither will they be persuaded, though one should rise from the dead. Even this assurance has been afforded, and more there cannot be, and that vouchsafed, by God himself, and to all men extensively, and by chosen eye-witnesses, neither deceived themselves, nor imposing on others, infallibly confirmed to us ; and yet there are infidels, men of weak heads, or bad hearts, whose interest they think it is, as they esteem it their privilege, not to be restrained by reason, though never so cogent ; or to listen to any arguments, but what coincide with their notions, full of prejudices, and ill-grounded surmises, born in vanity, brought up in sensuality, grown mature in iniquity, ending in atheism : promising themselves liberty, they are the very bond-slaves of sin, the boasted heirs of perfection, yet, in fact, in the dregs of corruption, the very sons of perdition ;
who,

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who, if they see, will not, or dare not, perceive; if they hear, are afraid to, or will not, understand; lest they should come to the knowledge of the truth, which is only in Christ Jesus; i. e. lest their twilight science should be cleared up by the perfecter lights of the Gospel: their self-sufficiency be convinced of numberless defects, and their over-weening pride be humbled by the confession of error; imploring pardon for sin, and working out, with an unaccustomed fear, and trembling, what hopes they can have of salvation, in the bitter pangs of repentance.

For if they come so far, as to a sense of their own guilt, and God's justice; of their great unworthiness, and his infinite purity; what hopes will they entertain of that mercy, which they have so frequently abused; or, what from that religion, they have always despised; or from the imputed merits of Him, they have not acknowledged: or what title to his mercy, when they have so grievously, so very frequently, done despite to the spirit of grace; not considering, that his forbearance was not of forgiveness, his long suffering only to lead them to a speedy repentance.

And hence, they naturally set themselves against a religion, which they imagine is against them; when really no other religion offers such certain, such encouraging truths, or such easy, such reasonable terms of salvation, if they will be directed to,

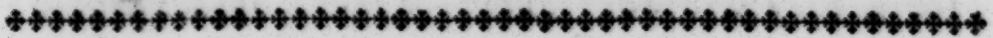
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to, if they will not causelessly reject them : would the wicked, in the midst of their pleasures reflect, would they sincerely repent, would they turn away from the wickedness, which they have committed, would they do that which is lawful, and right, they shall save their souls alive. But if they obstinately persist in their wilful blindness, if they reject the offers, which are graciously made them, will not the Lord visit for these things, will he not be avenged on such a nation as this ? The Jews were rejected, because of their unbelief ; and their punishment was the severer, in proportion to their obstinacy ; of how much sorer punishment, shall those infidels be thought worthy, who, when from children they know, or might have known, these truths, trample under foot the son of God, counting the very blood, by which we are redeemed, an unholy thing, and ungratefully blaspheme the very God that created them ?

But let us not cease in pity to pray for them, and for their speedy conversion, who cannot, or who will not, take pity on, and pray for themselves. And as for their sakes, so for our own, O pray for the peace of our Jerusalem ! they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces ; for my brethren, and companions' sakes, I will now say, peace be within thee : yea for the house of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good.

P

Differ-



DISSERTATIONS on MAN,
CONTINUED.

III.

I. *Of Man, in his present State.*

II. *Of his Conduct, and Character.*

MAN is a being, consisting of a soul, and body ; by this, he is allied to the inferior parts of this visible world ; by that, to the higher order of beings, which the ascending scale of things, the face of nature, as well as sound faith, make us believe, are in some invisible state of existence. A reflection on the one will keep us from any undue sense of our abilities, from self-sufficiency, and pride ; on the other, from any abject thoughts, meanness, or despondency : a right consideration, therefore, of our present state, and whether it has a reference to another, may deserve a serious attention.

View the same man in Pride, and in Plenty, amidst friends in prosperity, in his gay hours, and glory ; and in adversity, in abjectness, amidst enemies, eating the bread of affliction ; you see him, generally, as different in his internal temper, as in his outward condition ; and scarce is there any thing to denote him the same, except his complexion, and stature ; which, also, fre-

frequent infirmities, cares, and age will greatly impair, and alter.

A reflection on the bright, and the dark side of this picture of man, may, possibly, give us still juster notions; and, on comparison of the one with the other, a truer estimate of the goods, and evils of life; and, consequently, better notions of our present state, than, in a hurry of business, or pleasure, or in any pressing, or any prosperous circumstances, we are apt to receive; and teach us to set a proper value on the one, and make a due improvement from the other.

Here is no such thing as absolute perfection. All life is progressive, still aiming at something above, and beyond it. All is chequered; every character is of a mixt nature: every landscape has it's beauties, and deformities, it's smooth, and rugged parts; it's strait paths, and it's obliquities. Not always the fairest is the most profitable region, nor the most delightful spot the best cultivated, or most fertile.

Every thing is double, and has two kinds of uses: every thing is contrasted: and the more uncomely parts set off the more comely. The same holds in the political, as well as natural state of things. Some, as under parts, are necessary to, and support, the higher; all equally useful in their respective situations, mutually depending on, subservient to, and sustaining each other.

Hopes, and fears, rewards, and punishments, or, in short, pleasures, and pains, as the principles of them, enter into the composition of every nature, and are the two grand instruments, in the hands of providence, in the moral government of this world; or, rather, the effects, through secondary causes, of his power, or permission: those again raise our hopes, and fears, as the others influence us to things present; these impel us to the future; they spur us on either to bear, or forbear, to act, or not, as we apprehend our happiness will be affected.

Our apprehension then is the measure of things sensible; whatever, therefore, works on our apprehensions, influences our judgment, our affections, our actions; and, as our several senses are the receptacles of such external impressions, they are vehicles, to the soul, of things external; as they are adapted to our situation: our pleasures, or pains, and our well, or ill-being, are consonant to such impression.

It is obvious, that the moral world is affected by the natural, and the inward state of our minds is much influenced by the outward condition of life. The tranquility of the Philosopher is greatly owing to his domestic ease; and many a pleasing contemplation, to the delights of rural retirement. Wherefore, that ancient doctrine of the Stoics, both about stating what things are,
and

and what not in our power, as the apprehension apparently is not in our power, seems not more accurate, than their stating externals as not to be regarded, and as having no influence on our happiness. For while we are in this present state, surrounded, as we are, with sensible objects, the source of all knowledge ; and these are productive, according to our tastes, sensibility, and tempers, of various degrees, and different ideas of pleasure, and pain ; according to the use of, and our application to them, will be our respective impressions, and colours of life.

And, though, I grant, sensations may be greatly altered by our judgments ; and our affections, by our meditations ; yet wholly to change old, perhaps, may be as impossible, as to make any new impressions : the whole business of the mind seems to be only to keep up the balance of the affections ; to regulate, and not to let the sensible get the dominion over our reason ; to alleviate any present pains, by the reflection on their beneficial uses, and the hopes of better things to come : not to think of extirpating, but rightly forming our passions to their proper objects, and that in such degrees, and proportions, as the balance of nature requires.

To palliate the sense of our ills, and heighten that of our goods, Philosophers frequently, and very wisely, indeed, direct us to look to those below us, considering that we might have been
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in their state, and, but for the mercy of God, as great objects of compassion, liable to those very misfortunes, we deplore in them ; which a happy exemption from ought rather to be a foundation for pity towards them, and contentment for ourselves, than any ground of real murmuring against the appointer of them ; or any complaining of our state, which is only chargeable on our infirmities, and short-sightedness. — Whereas a due consideration of these ills, as well as the goods, will also teach us juster notions, and probably make us more chearful in our state, more charitable to others, and more thankful to providence for what we have, and what we hope for ; and more religious towards him, for the prevention, or removal of any ills, our demerits have brought on us ; or for the restoration of any goods we have been unhappily deprived of.

A diffidence of ourselves, and a reliance on providence ; a due sense of our own weakness, and infirmities, and a firm belief of His ability, and willingness to relieve us, are the only sure ground of confidence, as also of comfort, and our very best guide through this changeable world, in our passage to a better, more permanent. All other considerations, in the time of public calamity, or private distress, as indeed all other aids, and supports, will be found as vain, and ineffectual, as a broken reed, which, if a man
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leans on, will only run into his hand, and wound him the deeper the more he relies on it. Happy is he, whose shield is his conscience, his innocence his comfort, whose hope is in the promises of mercy, whose stay is upon his God! and may omniscience be ever his guide, and omnipotence his safeguard, against the overflowing torrents of luxury, and sensuality, which seem to be gaining on us daily, threatening to undermine the foundation of every virtue, destroying the principles, debasing the minds, and debauching the morals of people of all ranks. If we know these things, happy are we if, we avoid them! very happy, if we are not too late convinced, by dear-bought experience. If you are of an open temper; they will think you an easy prey, and many will have designs upon you: if of a reserved; you have dark designs of your own, are not to be trusted, and they will be aware of you. Few know how to manage in life, till they are almost ready to go out of it, or how dexterously to escape snares, without paying dear for their knowledge.

II. Experience is every day teaching us something: if it takes off from our old, it is only to add new principles of knowledge, and conduct.

Life is imperfect; every thing is advancing to a maturity. Old age is that advanced state, full
of

of experience, and prudence. Could we move on, with the last sum of acquired wisdom, as Philosophers say, with the last acquired velocity; we should appear like comets, our progress would be so rapid: but our strength, or vigour fails, in proportion as our wisdom advances.

The old man ought not to expect the agility of the young; nor this, the wisdom of the old. The one has had his day, the other is springing up to it. With their stages, their tastes, and enjoyments vary. The pleasures of youth are inconsistent with the gravity of the old man; as he is not fitted for them, and when we find any, as probably we may find some, acting out of character, every one sees how incongruous it is; and if I may be allowed the expression, it is a solecism, in behaviour.

There is then a propriety of conduct, answerable to our condition of life, and our character is much earlier fixed, than we are, at first, apt to imagine, and our reception in the world, is agreeable to it. The knowledge of ourselves, and the relations we stand in to others, cannot be too early recommended; and what character we would chuse to bear, since some character we must, should very soon be considered. A good one, no doubt, every one would be desirous of, as none else is of value; no other will stand the test of examination, or support a recommendation.

Every

Every man has a station to fill, some duties to perform, some business to transact, since some character, or other is to be sustained : for praise, or infamy are the constant attendants, as good, or bad consequences generally result from every action. Few, very few acts are, or can be, in this state, of an insignificant kind : and since something must be done, as our active powers, and inclinations require it ; why is not a good course to be followed, why not a good character to be aimed at, and good habits to be formed, which may be of service ? since good ones are as easy to be acquired, at first ; and with less difficulty, than most undergo, in the acquisition of bad ; when the one will be attended with beneficial consequences, at present ; and the other, if with the pleasure of sin for a season, will have more pernicious effects hereafter : since, in this moral government, which is to be continued, under the same superintendant, and judge, the natural consequences are here, and will be found to be hereafter judicial, as the judicial, at present, are natural.

IV.

Our CONSTITUTION, CONDUCT, and
Progress towards PERFECTION.

OUR senses are admirably suited to our condition, and our internal sense corresponds to external objects ; and the impressions are
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answerable

answerable to the attention, which is employed about them. A greater exquisiteness of pleasure, or pain, the natural results of them, or a greater sensibility, than we, at present, have, would not answer the ends, our Maker had in view. What gives us now a moderate degree of pleasure would but affect us too strongly, occasion us pain, interrupting that harmony, and overturning that balance, which, it was the intention of nature, should be maintained ; and every prudent man, for his own best interest, will endeavour to preserve, by moderating his affections so well, that external objects, and pleasures may not engross all his time, and pursuits : nor should we so far withdraw our attention, as to neglect them, when they were intended to relieve, to sweeten us, on our journey of life ; to take off the edge of what severities we have, as well as to prepare us for what we may further expect to meet with.

Our constitutions are also suited to our climates. Every soil has it's peculiar plants, and herbs ; these have their peculiar desires, and aversions. Art may introduce others ; but their growth is but sickly ; every thing shews it to be an exotic, the work of art. It's proper province is only to second the works of nature, which ever thrive best, when by skill reduced, kept, within bounds, from growing luxuriant : when their spirit, their force is exerted right, and in the way it should

go of good order ; then luxuriance becomes excellence. The same analogy holds in the rational species.

Man is full of contrary passions, strange inconsistencies, and wild extravagancies ; unless his imagination is governed by reason, his judgment informed, and his affections are directed to their proper objects ; and even here moderated in their pursuits, and these pursuits tempered as to the degrees of intenseness.

The utmost exertion of their faculties is but fortitude heroic, which must be moderated by wisdom. The planetary world is kept, in due order, by a double force impressed, and the centripetal is a counterpoise to the projectile.

Every habit, and custom is a force upon nature ; a restraint on inclination ; if good, it is a curb on the bad, and so inversely. Education, and government are restraints of that kind ; directories to what is right ; neither of them can give faculties, but both may so much improve them, that they will seem extraordinary, by their superior degree of excellence.

We are entrusted with the care, and management of ourselves, yet not without the divine assistance ; nor with this, to the commission of any thing ill, for that we are wholly accountable, as it is all of our own doing, refusing to listen to the persuasions of reason, the suggestions of con-

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science, the voice of God; and, what is worse, acting against the light of our minds, and the conviction of what is wrong, at the instigation of the wicked one. This was the sense of our pious ancestors, and thus it is still retained, in the form of indictments.

II. Our faculties we may advance; for by good use they are improveable, by neglect they degenerate, and become useless. Hence exercise is their good, and their proper province.

If a facility of acting be only acquired by habit; then even virtue, like all other habits, is, by exercise, to be acquired, and, by repeated acts, to be improved: otherwise, by omissions of what is right, as well as commissions of what is wrong, it will degenerate into vice, which is its reverse, the corruption of our nature, the debilitating, and debasing our mental, and bodily faculties, the defilement of the soul, which, in purity, ought to have been preserved, as the image of God. Revelation was to convince us of it, and of the insufficiency of the law of nature, when once man had sinned; and the necessity of an atonement, to satisfy offended justice. The whole judaical law was to lead men unto Christ, for that plenary atonement; for which the sacrifices, and propitiations, under the law, were insufficient, at best, but partial, and prefigurative of

of it. Christianity, therefore, concludes all under sin, and the dominion of Satan ; shewing us the way of disengaging, of freeing ourselves from that bondage, by the belief of that satisfaction, that reconciliation made of us, through our Saviour, taking on him our sins, and dying for us, and in our stead ; and, lastly, by conforming to his doctrine, and copying his example, which is the adorning, the perfecting our human nature, transforming it into divine, putting off the old man with his deeds, affections, and lusts, *which are corrupt* ; and putting on the new man, which is renewed in *pureness*, in knowledge, after the image, or similitude of Him, that created him.

View him now in a state of grace ; though on earth, having his conversation in heaven ; going on from strength to strength, from perfection unto perfection, till the world recedes, and all its pleasures vanish before him. When convinced of their vanity, exalted in prospect, big with the hopes of immortality, in God's due time, he launches into an happy eternity.

III. If creation be the free gift of God, and our allotments of perfection, and happiness are according to his will ; if all life is progressive, it cannot be maintained, that any creatures are, or ought to have been made all equal ; or even that man is as perfect, as he was at first created ;

or

or as happy, as he is capable of ever being ; or our faculties as noble, or their views as extensive, as they may be : it would give us little encouragement, as it would leave us no room for moral, or any kind of improvements ; or for nature to be assisted, and meliorated by art ;——this would, in some measure, make man a mere moving machine, and his Creator a necessary agent : nor can his law of nature be more perfect, his duties more immutable, than his state, and relations, from whence they result, and to which they are to be referred.

Man, then, is here in an imperfect, as in a progressive state ; still aiming at, and aspiring after something above, and beyond it. And all his life is a continual improving, and gradually advancing towards it : for this end, his faculties are made capable of higher improvements, and greater degrees of strength, and of excellence. And, in our own species, as well as every other, creatures exist in several stages of life, and different states of perfection, different degrees of abilities, and endowments, and capacities of action, and, in one state, and method of discipline, very different from themselves ; or, at least, from what they might have been in another. As from infancy to maturity, and onward still to old age, we find further degrees of advancement ; even where the external senses are impaired, the internal sense is stronger from that decay. As in the natural, thus it is in the moral state ; though the
outward

outward decays the inward man, the spiritual yet is renewed. And, in the spiritual world, there is a progression, and we naturally grow up, till by continually greater acquirements of virtue, and accessions of likenesses, we bring forth the ripe fruits in their season: we become, by our changes, prepared for glory, in a newness of life: death being only our passage to it; not the destruction, but dissolution of our corporeal, and animal powers; and, at most, can only suspend them in a state of inaction, till, in due time, they are reunited to their former nature, and a like state of sensibility.

Thus the godly are, in scripture, represented, as going on from glory to glory, till they arrive at it's meridian height of splendor. The path of the righteous, says SOLOMON, is as the bright light of the rising sun, shining brighter, and brighter, unto mid-day! As, then, there is a proper excellence, peculiar to every species of creatures, or order of beings; and as, in the natural world, God created every thing good, and, as such, in it's kind perfect; so in the moral world, of rational, and intelligent creatures, there are capacities, and faculties, there are perfections, and excellencies, peculiar to every state of beings, and properties inherent in, and appropriated to their respective subjects.

And,

And, as the end of all our pursuits is the attainment of happiness, which consists in the perfection of our respective natures, to the acquisition of the one, there must be a renovation of the other: for granting a corruption in our natures at present, if a perfection of our state be necessary to the completion of our happiness; then a renovation of our nature is necessary to the perfection of our state. And, since man is a compound of soul, and of body, of a rational, and animal nature, the happiness of man results from a union of those two natures; and, as this happiness requires the perfection of both the intellectual, and bodily faculties, as being adequate to them; granting, I say, the parts of the animal frame not in their original perfection; a renovation of this frame, a resurrection of it from death, unto a newness of life, is not only reasonable, but necessary.

Granting then, that the natural perfection of the bodily faculties be necessary to human happiness; it must be presumed a part of the providential designs of God, as in the course of natural things, in preserving the essentials of every species, unmixed, and unaltered; so, in perfecting the universal good, to restore man to his primary, and his intended state of perfection.

A POEM



A

P O E M

WRITTEN AT

CASTLE-HILL.

YE groves umbrageous, and ye tree-crown'd
mounts,

Ye plains *Thessalian*, ye *Tempean* vales,

Ye fountains, more than *Arethufian* fair,

Glad I salute you! in your blissful bowers,

Safe, from the tumult of the giddy world,

Take me to solitude, and studious ease.

And thou, presiding Mind, inspire my soul

With sentiments sublime, and worthy thee.

Still may the soul, superior to this earth,

Aspire at true perfection, thou! it's guide,

R

It's great example, thou ! O lead me, where
Thou rul'st the secret pow'rs (thyself unseen)
Of nature, and her laws ! O teach me, how
To trace out providence, in all it's works
Stupendous !——rather, teach me to adore
What's infinite, and far above the ken
Of human fight : from devious search recall
My towering flight, and teach me to submit :
Not, thro' a timid indolence, to leave
The arduous search : but from a heav'n-taught sense
Of weakness, to embrace high truths reveal'd.
Nature's fair volume, character of God
Expressive, answ'ring imag'ry divine,
Harmonious movements, when enchantment flies,
Soft trilling to the concord of the heart,
Still wou'd I read ; for still these groves invite,
Still *Flora* spreads her pearl-bespangled vest,
And flow'rs refreshing, as the morning breeze,
That sips the dew, or plays in yonder stream.
Beneath this feat, a-down that winding vale,
Runs the delightful silver-flowing tide,
If health, if vigour are of value, rich
As e'er *Pactolus* with his golden sands.
While *Lidford's* cataract, hoarse-sounding flood,
Vast watry sheets, white-foaming, headlong throws,
Tremendous roar ! and thunder-pealing strikes

The frighted sense, serenely steals beneath,
 Yon gentle-winding stream : the margin round
 With flow'rs sweet-smelling deck'd. Unnotic'd thus,
 With even tenour glides, in life's low vale,
 Humility meek-ey'd, nor praise affects,
 Nor envy-moving grandeur. Greatness swells,
 And foaming falls, and frets, and fuming rolls
 Dire devastation : like it, party-rage
 Spreads dread confusion. From my humble cell
 Far be ambition, far the lust of power,
 The rage of faction, blind, officious zeal,
 And all the busy idleness of pomp :
 Gently, what yet of life remains, in peace
 O ! let me pass ; then leaving to my foes
 My cares, and toils, I'd steal into the grave.
 From party-clamours, and the din of brawls,
 Tumultuous noise, of many for a few,
 To you, ye walks, ye close embowering groves,
 Oft could I come, oft court your cool recess :
 Blest solitude ! where only we enjoy
 The mind's true happiness, that love of ease,
 That studious calm, which gives the soul t'expand
 Beyond the confines of this narrow round,
 Capacious of infinity : here trace
 The ways of God to Man, and here consult
 The moral sense instructive best in truth,

That knowledge of ourselves, in strange pursuit
Too often lost, or barter'd for the sake
Of wealth, and money-getting arts : this gain'd
Exceeds them all : without it, all are vain !
Within such groves, by fam'd *Ilissus*' stream
The *Samian* sage was wont *Athenian* youth
To teach, by moral science to unfold
The mind's harmonious frame, ideas fair,
Exciting to externals ; where the bard
Attun'd his res'nant lays to nature's voice
Harmonic ; while the sage his numbers drew
From all her works, magnificent, and grand.
In such as these, his world-reforming schemes
Great *Numa* plann'd, retiring to consult
Ægeria, Goddess of his art, who rais'd
His heav'n-aspiring Soul, and bade him spurn
The groveling, reptile earth-born sons ; and such
The *Memphian* bards, and *British* druids lov'd.
Rear'd by thy fost'ring care these forests rise,
Asking thy *Dædal* hand, large oaks extend
Their branching arms, and spread their leaves around,
In honour of their Lord : the wounded stocks
Shoot out their tender saplings to obey
His forming art, in due perspective rang'd.
Their stout progenitors, in days of yore,
All *Albion's* deep-mouth'd thunder far convey'd

To foreign climes : a *Drake*, a *Raleigh* knew
 Their well-prov'd strength : all *India* heard their
 fame,

The *Seine*, the *Ganges* quak'd in all their streams.
 Again shou'd *Albion* call ; each lifting oak
 Wou'd nod ; whole forests rush into the main.
 Beneath thy lively touch they gladly grow,
 With white-rob'd peace, well-pleas'd to see thee fit
 Under their cooling umbrage ; while thy sons
 In many a sportive gambol round them run,
 Or weave fresh garlands for thy honour'd brow.
 How great thy extasy of joy, while dawns
 Their light of reason, when the fault'ring tongue
 First learns to syllable their father's name :
 They prattling clasp, or climbing up thy knee,
 Court thy caresses ; or with rapid whirl
 The petit-chariot drive ! How swells thy breast,
 Presaging manlier from these youthful feats,
 Paternal spirit sparkling in each son.
 For them fair nature spreads, in gaudiest dress,
 Her gentle slopes, soft banks, and op'ning glades,
 And vistas stretching to the distant air ;
 Where bounds the buck, with branching head aloft,
 Or fallow deer, or fawn, these oaks beneath,
 Wide forest-spreading boughs, in crouded ranks,

Or court the breeze, or sport on flow'ry lawn :
 A sight how pleasing, say, ye jocund guests,
 Whom far, whom near the lib'ral treat regales,
 When the fat haunch, on table smoaking, cheers,
 Circling the nectar health-imploring cup
 With wines replete, in Turkish vintage press'd,
 With benison full-fraught on *Thine* ; while joy
 Smiles in each face, and mantles in the glass.
 How more enliv'ning, say, ye jovial crew ;
 When the shrill horn awakes you to the field ;
 As o'er the upland lawns, or down the vales,
 Precipitate, ye sweep ; the hills, the woods
 Re-echoing to your shouts, as in full chace,
 Swift, as *Camilla* flying, ye pursue
 The nimble-footed stag : the lab'ring swains
 Quit their employs, and join the jovial cry.
 Huntsman, unlock thy stores, the trophies shew
 Of thy all-conqu'ring hand, wide-branching heads
 Of many a well-fed stag, in goodly row,
 Thy * mansions gracing : say, cou'd † *Abas* more ?
 The § haughty black thus, savage-glaring, points

* An elegant building in the park.

† At *Ispahan* is a very high pillar erected by Shaw Abas, the great, who commanded each of his seditious nobles to lay at his feet some beast's head, and of those offerings, instead of their own heads, he made a pillar.

§ Prince of Animaboo. See more at the end of 43 chap. vol. I. Hanway's Travels.

To headless traitors, and his thousands slain,
Pil'd high, the ghastly pyramids of death !

Beneath yon high-ascending colonade,
Thro' mazy walks, in error serpentine,
I pierce the horrors of a gloomy wood,
Which hangs umbrageous o'er the *Cuma*-cave,
Where silence sits attentive to the stream,
That gurgles by, in wild meanders lost ;
To which the hoary *Sibyl* holds her cell ;
Cave within cave, all crystal-deck'd : spar rocks,
And glitt'ring stones, and variegated gems
Mingle their pointed beams, reflecting round
A tremulous gloom : the cavern'd fides within
A pleasing horror gleams ; while, from above,
Descends the solemn, awe-creating light,
For abstract meditation meet : and such
As gloomy devotees delight ; their souls,
And cells all dark, all dismal, dank, to light,
And cheerfulness averse. And why shut out
Prime light of nature, gift of ray divine,
That universal lamp, to darkness doom'd
Upon ourselves to prey, and megrims breed,
Monsters imaginary, vapours wild
Of ill-concoction ? why in dungeon vile
Those waking dreams ? but that their manners low,
And twilight science shudder at the beam,

That thro' their cloud-envelop'd souls would dart,
Point out their follies, bidding them be wise.
And why are things indulg'd us, but t' enjoy
With temperance? 'tis their excess alone,
Which injures; only wrong, when misapply'd.
Why man a self-tormentor? why a foe
To joys, when innocent, which gloomy thoughts,
Prompting to murders, massacres, or brawls,
Dispel? what vigour to our frame, what health,
What gives alacrity to think, can ne'er
Be wrong, or hurtful deem'd: hear reason call,
Nature's best friend! the *necessary right*.
No more to menial slaves, in gloomy cells,
Is science banish'd. She with *Themis* sits,
Conspicuous on the bench, dispensing right,
For *Albion's* public good: the northern climes,
As with another sun enlight'ning cheer'd,
From slavish tenures freed, the influence own,
And ages, yet unborn, will praise. The court,
The camp, the senate, and the forum feel
It's pow'r as sovereign o'er our weal. With Him,
Say, how it shone, whose *praises of the laws*,
His best encomium; and the rolls of fame,
His just memorials! how their arts it grac'd,
Whose wisdom, whose integrity, whose love
Of civil freedom, and ingenuous art

Proclaim desert, and eternize their names,
 Those *Henry*, and *Eliza* ; these a *George*
 Will best record their oracles of law.
 Yes, science loaths the gloomy cloyster'd cell
 Of servile marriage-hating monks, to life,
 And social tenderness averse : she loves
 The gay, the chearful, free-enquiring soul.
 'Tis in the open converse of the world,
 Of men, and manners studious : when in love
 Of social duties pleasing, then most pleas'd.
 She shuns the sordid, the contracted views
 Of selfish care, the mean, the groveling minds;
 Black as their garbs, and dismal as their cells.
 And is religion then that gloomy scheme,
 That hideous monster ; not at first design'd
 The sweet delight, but burden of the soul ?
 Or is it, say, what Pagan priests have plann'd,
 Old women's fancies, and their idle dreams,
 Fetters of conscience, and the brain's disease ?
 Hence witchcraft dress'd in foulest tatter'd form
 Rode shameless, and deceit proclaim'd her reign :
 In hair dishevell'd, and in loose attire,
 She venom-spitting rav'd, and round her cast
 Fire-glaring eye-balls, prophesying woes,
 By fancy conjur'd up : a train of ills,
 In many a haggard dress, forth-bodied march'd :

130 A POEM WRITTEN

Then moaping mourn'd depopulated realms ;
Then at destruction smil'd a savage joy,
Blasting creation at a ghastly frown !
Yet here no superstitious demon holds
His gloomy empire ; priestcraft, to deter,
Enslaving vulgar minds, his iron sway
Extends not, foe to ev'ry lib'ral art,
The friend of tyranny, and abject thought.
What havock, yea, what diabolic ills
Under religion's garb, what frauds, what crimes
Have they not caus'd, or countenanc'd, or veil'd ?
Thus Polytheism sprang, thus crouds of Gods,
Vile as their manners, as their fancies wild,
Fill'd all the earth, and now the skies assail'd,
Which with the growing weight of monsters groan'd:
Fain wou'd they rule as Gods, like beasts who liv'd.
See custom's blind infatuating force !
Ev'n arts themselves perpetuate the cheat ;
And *Rome*, the mistress of the world, submits :
By those her armies conquer'd, captive led
To superstitious, base, tyrannic pow'r,
Most abject, mental slavery ! the worst,
That *Egypt*, ancient nurse of craft, brought forth
By ignorance rever'd, deep science call'd,
In hieroglyphic garb mysterious clad.
Hence wild chimeras, bred of heated brains,

Fancy's delusive forms, by knavish priests,
 Or drunken prophetesses spoke, decrees
 Of fortune, or of fate. The hood-wink'd world
 Thence learnt their rites religious, thence their laws,
 Curbing the conscience : neither war, nor peace,
 Save when by costly off'rings leave obtain'd,
 Durst they commence, much less successful deem.
 With all the bad of each religion fraught,
 With superstitions glean'd from ev'ry soil,
 Bold *Mahomed* advanc'd, with hasty strides
 On laws, religion, and on arts he trod,
 The sword his van, gross sensual joys his rear.
 Within that close embow'ring grove, behold,
 Emblem of eastern luxury, yet not
 T' intemperance devoted here, th' *Alcove* !
 Such as the Mussulman, in sense immers'd,
 Esteems his heav'n, infatuation strange !
 A paradise of beasts ! what will not lust
 It's votaries transform to, when large draughts
 Of superstitious, blind, erroneous faith
 Have fill'd them with intoxicating vice !
 And whose religion sanctifies the cheat.
 Where youths, and nymphs of innocence bereav'd,
 By chance of war, or adverse fate betray'd,
 Become the victims of unnatural love.

132 A POEM WRITTEN

And such the o'ershadowing clouds which yet
o'erhang,

Shed dire malignance, and blot out the face
Of fairest nature : where the eastern sun
First salutation paid, and day-spring rose,
Gladd'ning enliv'ned hearts. Now what avail
Those sunny regions, those delightful seats,
Curst with judicial, blind, despotic thrall !
For mercy long abus'd, what dreaded ills
Attend, hence learn, ye infidels, all dark
Amidst the gospel-blaze of hea'vnly light !
Thencefrom affrighted science wing'd her way
Thro' distant *Latium*, 'till corruption's pow'r
Prevailing, with accelerated wing,
Thro' *Gallic* strands to *Albion's* chaster clime
She flew ; and with her came the sister arts,
Whose vestiges of loveliest impress shew
These seats, the pride of *Albion's* happier Isle.
Avert it heav'n ! ne'er may such blissful seats,
Where sings the muse, where chant the warbling
birds,

To whose wild notes these wilder are attun'd,
Become a desert, den of bears, of wolves,
Or bats, or beastly reptiles. May these groves
Be sacred ever to the muse, fit haunt
Of Gods, to virtue, and her friends devote !

Here may some happier bard, like me, intent
 With better omens plan, what may command
 The ear of princes ! may our guardian Gods
 Reward their labours ; with propitious eye
 Respect their fav'rite isle ; and still defend
 It's church from error, and it's law from guile ;
 No jealous doubt can jaundic'd faction raise,
 While *Herrings* shall preside, while *Hardwicks*
 judge.

O liberty, far sweeter are thy cells,
 Tho' mean, and humble, than the proudest domes
 Of eastern pomp ; where tyranny stalks forth
 With fullen aspect, ev'ry pleasure fours,
 The flow'rets fair, with touch unhallow'd, blasts,
 And midst their short-liv'd joys arrests the slaves.
 Precarious tenure ! different far what hails
 Thee happy, yea, what this thrice happy isle
 Renders still more delightful, which adorns
 With loveliest majesty *Britannia's* Throne :
 Where no rude Lord, of high preem'nence proud,
 Tyrannical presides ; but dignity,
 Result of sense persuades ; where highest birth
 Can condescend, and from contempt, and hate
 Exempt, unenvy'd, even tenour hold,
 An easy stateliness ! where grateful hearts
 A willing homage pay, since well-deserv'd.

134 A POEM WRITTEN

With what superior greatness rise those seats,
When thus ennobled ; when th' high blaze of
power,

Else dazzling brightness, conscious of it's height,
With mildest condescension temper'd, shines
On all beneath it, only to illume,
And raise up flow'rs, which claim'd a foster hand,
And mourn'd before the absence of the sun.

Thus rose the grandeur of those mighty states,
Whose gods were heroes, and whose slaves were
kings :

Whose sole nobility their virtuous arts,
Their deeds of bold emprise ; their dearest good,
Their country's welfare, and their friends, their own.
Not sunk in ease, but early train'd in camps, .
To want inur'd, embattel'd hosts they led,
Flaming in all the war's majestic pomp,
And foremost in the lists of fame : whose arms
Have mighty states subdu'd, kings captive led,
And rescu'd nations from impending woes,
And hosts terrific ; bred to wars, and wounds :
Not in the downy bed of vice to dream
Of routs, and female conquests, oft'ner seen
At soft assemblies, than on warlike plains.
Not by such arts, that noble Hero rose,

* *Faithful* by name and nature, ev'ry act
 Bespoke the patriot true, the warrior bold !
 Hence heroes gracing Thy illustrious line,
 Fruitful of chiefs : whether to deathless fame
 Their falchions hew'd their bold, advent'rous way,
 Gath'ring fresh laurels in th' ensanguin'd field,
 Made horrible ; when death itself appall'd
 Saw their red-bolted thunder deal around
 Dreaded destruction ; or, their steady hands
 Betwixt contending parties, pois'd aloft
 The scale of justice, proof to ev'ry bait,
 Above corruption, obstinately just.

O ! with what rapture *Rome*, or elder *Greece*
 In their *Palestras* saw their rising chiefs,
 By feats of arms, or hard athletic deeds,
 Prepar'd for real combat ! who such states,
 Ev'n in their games forgetful not of war,
 Their very sports made exercise of arms,
 Can see, and not deep policy admire !
 Lo, what a concourse ! lo, what numerous throngs,
 At honour's call exulting ; with what joy,
 Grave senators then sat, prefaging thence
 Atchievements high : with what impartial voice
 Th' ennobling prize they judg'd ! Again the blood

* Sir *Faithful Fortescue*, slain at Edge-hill. See *Clarendon's*
 history of the Rebellion.

136 A POEM WRITTEN

Flows warm within their aged veins : the crouds
 At martial glory kindling, shouts applause.
 How ev'ry heart, and every straining nerve
 Exert their pristin vigour ; how their eyes
 Glaring with ardour, intermitted long,
 Flash light'ning ; while, cast back full many a year,
 They start, and with the combatants, they strain,
 They pant, partaking of the doubtful strife.
 With what emotion, what extatic joy,
 His country's approbation in their praise,
 Receives the victor with the glitt'ring crown !
 The laurel'd chiefs, spectators of his acts,
 Once conqu'rors like himself, in rev'ence rise,
 " All hail ! all hail !" th' applauding thousands cry,
 Rending the vaulted heav'ns : his raptur'd soul,
 Flies on the vollied shouts : nor more he seems
 On common earth, but towering treads the skies.
 In hymns triumphant, chanted by the voice
 Of white-rob'd damsels, echo'd, in glad airs,
 By rural swains at ease, the victor's name,
 Flies on each gale immortaliz'd in song.

Long o'er her urn reclin'd has virtue wept
 Her sons degenerate, yet vaunting much .
 Their grandfires' actions, which their sons upbraid,
 And laurel'd wreaths yet with'ring on their brows.
 The palms, the wreaths, th' applause of gazing
 crouds

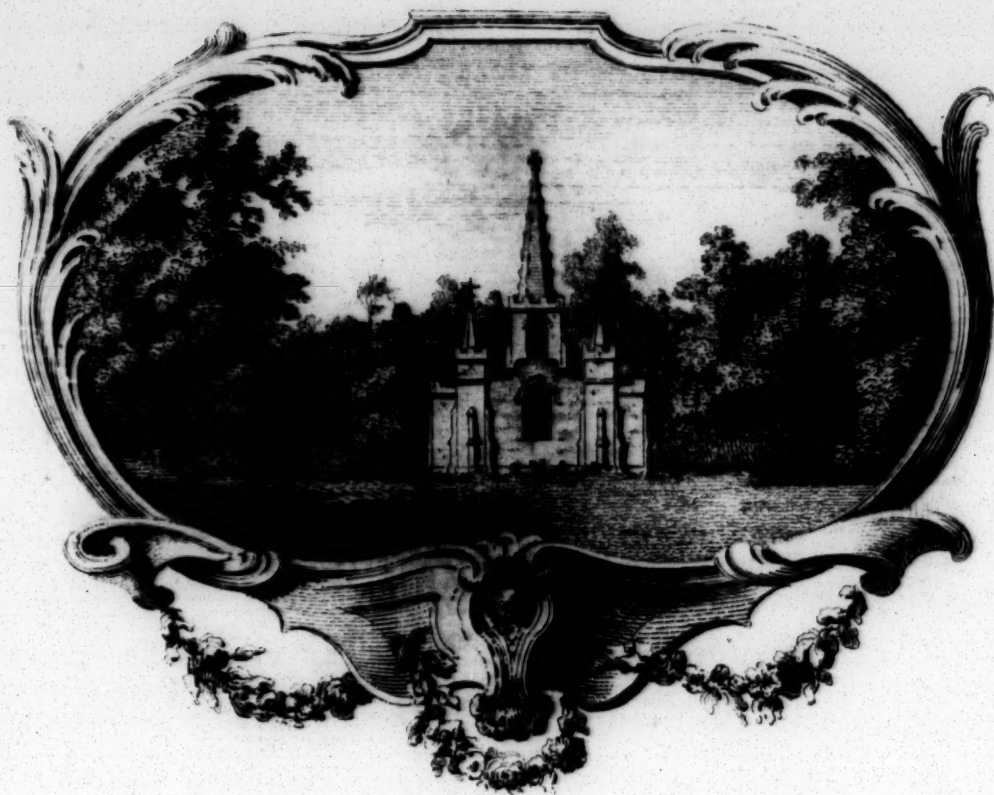
How vain, how trifling! made the public voice,
The badge of merit, lifts them to the gods.

Go on, great *George*, by worthy deeds, like theirs
To raise thy country's honour in thine own.
See heroes! see applauding senates rise,
And thee the father of their country hail!
Peace to the *manes* of those reverend chiefs,
Whose busts in yonder row I see: All hail!
Poets, or Orators, or Heroes, who
Or fought, or pleaded for their country's rights,
Or nobly sang their great achievements, hail!
Who, nor themselves forgetting, nor their rise,
A race of worthies emulative rais'd,
Deserving, like themselves, the public voice:
This privilege has virtue to be crown'd:
True honour! brightest ornament of kings!
Thus *Academus*, thus *Lycæum* shew'd
Their world of worthies, thus inflam'd the mind
To kindred sentiments: from thence it caught
True inspiration; where the moral lay
They taught, whence ductile minds thus early
form'd
To thoughts like theirs, maturer grown, forth shone
Rivals in action, equal in renown.
Such *Albion* hails, none mean, none abject deems
Tho' poor, who labour for the public weal.

138 A POEM WRITTEN

To *Vulcan's* temple hence — And there review
 The lab'ring *Cyclops*, with redoubled force
 The glowing plowshares beating : (ev'ry nerve
 Is strain'd with toil incessant : ev'ry pore
 It's fluice perspiring opens.) Not in war,
 Nor gay assemblies, nor sage councils seen :
 Yet such the state support, the world maintain !
 Let proud ambition, with contemptuous sneer,
 Their labours servile not disdain to view,
 Sequester'd in life's humble vale they live,
 Not on their country's spoils, nor on the scraps
 Of others' bounty : what they have, they earn'd,
 For sloth ne'er pension'd, but to toil inur'd,
 Train'd to be useful, daring to be free.
 Happy that state, whose servants are it's friends,
 Contending only who shall best deserve,
 The highest he, who most to law submits.

Yet wonder not, that fanes to *Venus* rise ;
 Since all around is beauty ; all, beneath
 The heav'n's high arch, is her's. These shady bowers,
 These seats *Idalian*, Her's ! here odorous sweets
 Still shall regale you : all but love impure
 Attract you : sounds harmonious every hill,
 And echoes every vale : each rugged swain
 Melts at the softning notes : each raptur'd soul
 Breathes love ; each heart, her consecrated shrine !



STRUCK with the view of yonder opening
lawns,

By fragrant walks enliven'd, sunny banks,
Airy parterres, soft slopes, and alleys green,
Charming as *Tinian's* or *Fernande's* vales.
Pleas'd at the aspect of those sacred piles,
To piety devote, and that fair tomb,
Which, *Carswel*, consecrates to fame thy worth,
Once more, *Eugenio*, listen while I raise
My humble voice ; enough if candour shall

Excuse, should thy severer judgment blame.

Beneath that high ascending colonade,
At yonder slope, that shuts th' admired scene ;
On the green seat recline, while o'er us pass,
In gentle whispers, at a distance, heard,
Rough storms, and boisterous winds, which but
increase

Our joy : or wander on the turf-clad bank,
Th' enamell'd mead with gorgeous flow'rs bedeckt,
Lav'd by the silver gently-flowing stream ;*
Where the quick soil is genial wont to swell
With panfies of extatic smells, and hues,
Where hyacinths, and where narcissus, sees
His much-lov'd image hanging o'er the waves ;
Attentive to the balmy gales, which bear,
On their glad wings, the mirth of rural swains
To *Ceres* offering, in soft festive dance,
Or choral song, or quaint recitative,
Due honours ; crowning their autumnal toils. †
Peaceful the gales play round us, whispering soft,
Sweet as the winds from odour-breathing plains
Of *Araby*, or *India's* spicy coasts,
Bringing those distant joys at evening bland,
Such from *Sicilian* minstrelsy were heard,

* The Serpentine River.

† See the harvest-home.

Such voices fing at the midnight watch
O'er *Canton* fly, or *Ganges'* banks beside
Warbling a mirth less innocent than this.

The mind exults, aerial mounts the muse,
Struck with the beauties of th' enchanted soil,
In thought transported to sublimer tracts,*
Whose love these well inspire, by them alone
Exceeded, emblems of those blissful scenes!
On flowery lawn I see the festive nymphs
From neighb'ring villas, †*Molton* south or north,
Where the fam'd artists in the woollen woof
Well-skill'd, to interchange their tales of love,
In rural sports advance; with garlands gay
Of interwoven flowers of varied hue,
Their temples crown'd, in merry dance, or song
The live-long hours deceiving. Happy swains
Did ye your bliss but know! your pleasures thus
By toil inhanc'd, best relish after pain.
Know but yourselves, you need not envy kings.
That health, that exercise, that easy mind,
So void of care, to you indulgent heav'n
Reward of virtue gives, which others want,
Whom misplac'd envy styles, the *happy few*!

* See the *Contemplation*, vol. ii. p. 154.

† This place is remarkable for a well-built Church, and an elegant Town-hall, wherein are some good Paintings.

How, when the pungent pains of stone, or gout,
A thousand trub'lous ills, to you unknown,
Distract them, wish they, for your humble life,
Your unbought ease, t' exchange their regal pomp,
Nay, with their maladies e'en quit the world,

Thus undisturb'd, I hear the general voice
Of nature's harmony; I walk, unseen,
Amidst a crouded theatre of wonders,
Lis'ning to echo's, sportive maid! from hills,
And distant vales, reverberated sounds;
While the rapt eye, from flow'r-embroider'd streams
To the tree-tufted mounts, and villa fair*
That crowns yon rising hill, excursive takes
A distant view; the babling brook below
Sooths my thought-lab'ring mind, intent to cull
A many colour'd garland for thy babe,
Ev'n now auspicious struggling to it's birth;
Age smooth's it's wrinkled face of care, to see
Such infant darlings lead the smiling years.
Time shall itself stand wondering at their acts,
Which promise immortality their own,

No more let fond imagination feign
It's fields *Elysian*, it's *Idalian* bowers,
It's penfile gardens, and *Hesperian* groves
Known only in romance; unless that here

* High Bray.

It sees them blooming ; could my verse avail,
And ever should they bloom : well-pleas'd the mind,
Touch'd at the beauteous imag'ry of sense,
What yet remains of curious art, pursues
With eager search, where nature points, to view
In her's our state once uncorrupt, unstain'd,
Hence relish'd most by tastes like yours refin'd.

The moss-grown cells, the *Hermit's* lonely cave,
The ivy-mantled bridge, whence murmuring runs,
In error serpentine, the silver stream,
The *Indian-Bridge*, the *British-Spa* will please
Those, who in rural nature most delight.
The barren trunks, tho' of their leaves bereav'd,
Thus situate rejoice, nor more bemoan
Their honours lost : since other beauties spring.
In huts of these our good forefathers liv'd
Content, e'er plenty, and luxurious fare
Exotic arts induc'd, our taste debauch'd
T'unmanly softness ; rude howe'er their minds,
Not with a brutal fierceness were their hands
In brother's blood imbrued : nor yet their swords
Each in his fellow's vitals sheath'd, by meats
High-season'd, strong concocted juice, inflam'd.
Whence passions furious, as the blood they drank,
Strong as their food, and savage as their herds.

* See contemplation on the Hermit.

144 A POEM WRITTEN

But simplest diet gentle manners form'd;
Nor sloth, nor ignorance, nor lust misrul'd,
Reason persuaded, prudence held the reins.
Their strength their foes (if foes they had) perceiv'd,
Force irresistible! health strung their nerves,
Health flush'd the virgin's cheeks with crimson dyes,
Health fir'd the hero's breast, and vigour gave
For feats of bravest chivalry, to rise
Victorious in their country's cause. The bards,
In more than mortal strains, hence strike the lyres;
Sounding of *Alfred's* and of *Stigand's* prowess;
And worthies fam'd for arts, or arms; you hear
The very thunders rolling in their lines,
Lines, like their arms, thick-flashing light'ning. Here
Let me not blame those manly polish'd arts,
Improvements on wild nature, thus design'd
Rude, as it were imperfect fram'd, nor skill,
To exercise, and draw inventions forth
In all imagination's various forms
Of ingenuity, and curious art;
In scenes, like these, diversify'd, improv'd,
Nature herself is art, not seen indeed
By ev'ry vulgar eye, but when display'd
In skill, like this, to see is to admire.

Here, when the burning *Syrius* strikes the earth
With heats sulphurous, let the shady grotts

Receive you panting for the cooling breeze.
 How welcome the *cold Bath*, the nerves to brace,
 Strength'ning the fibres' languid tone ; how sweet
 Where interwoven arbours mutual join
 Their marriageable boughs' refreshing shade ;
 As wearied traveller, or tenant walk,
 In sultry parching drought, to yonder pile
 Sacred to piety ; where sleep interr'd
 Full many a village swain, and many a nymph,
 Who promis'd length of pleasures. These rude
 stones

Their only monuments, that once they lived,
 Now there lie bury'd ; whose hard luckless fate
 Deny'd them eminence, even pow'r to rise
 Above their humble roofs : no chance to shine,
 Unless the cudgel, or the wrestler's art
 Exert their valour, which, olympic wreaths,
 In better days, had won, if art cou'd win ! *
 Yet happy if a rude, or uncouth rhyme
 Adorn him : Nurse of memory, thy aid
 The shepherd claims, oft as, in rural song,
 He chants his love, or whistles to the vales
 Responsive melody, sonorous lays
 The livelong hours deceiving. Labour seems
 Delightful — And his last consigns to song.

* See the Church yard, a Poem.

146 A POEM WRITTEN

Hence lead me thro' the solitary way,
 For these, as well as sunny fields, have charms,
 Where the close willow-tendrils twining arch
 A covert way, with dreary shades imbrown'd,
 In awful silence, grim recess of death !
 Perch'd the black raven on the baleful yew,
 Snuffing the scented air, with carnage throat,
 Hoarse-croaking calls, and thirsts for human gore.
 Sad *Philomel*, or other widow'd birds,
 I seem'd to hear, in melancholy plaint,
 Their young deploring in the cypress shade.
 Hence to the dreary grott, the hoary cell,
 The tombs of human grandeur : how the blood
 Flows cold within my veins ! what forms arise,
 What ghosts unbodied beck'ning call to death !
 Thus her * *Ceramicus* wife *Athens* shew'd,
 Her race of heroes, by illustrious acts
 In deathless characters inroll'd. With joy
 She saw their mem'ries long rever'd ; their fame
 Immortal deem'd, that kindred souls might catch
 The generous ardour, and, like them, stand forth
 Patrons of arts, the rulers of the world.
 Thus, from her wise example, *Rome* display'd,
 Full to their country's view, her laurel'd chiefs,
 Once bulwarks of the state ; for merit crown'd,

* See Danet's history, ad. voc. and Archbishop Potter's Arch. Gr.

Enkindling in each youthful breast like zeal,
 Ambitious to deserve : memorials fair,
 That glory blooms a flow'r, which only grows
 In thorny ways : the path of virtue, fame !
 Can heavenly orbs, by foreign impulse roll'd,
 Blindly to ends assign'd them tending, raise
 The mind with greater energy, than deeds,
 Breathing a soul superior to the rank
 Of vulgar mortals, mov'd alone by love
 Of truth, and of their country's good? for them
 Fame bade the busts to breathe, the arch to bend,
 The storied volume to record true worth,
 Pattern to ages rising into birth,
 And kindred fame, and deeds of high desert.
 Their very statues, starting into life,
 Spoke virtue, calling on them, as they pass'd,
 Would ye at deathless fame aspire, be brave !
 On them they thought, with them they wak'd,
 they slept,
 Wheree'er they walk'd, wheree'er they journey'd, still,
 Some well-known image rushed upon their sight ;
 Some lov'd idea travell'd in their breast ;
 Some bold *Demosthenes* for freedom roar'd ;
 Some *Tully* pleaded, or some *Brutus* fought ;
 Th' ensanguin'd field, the croud'd senate, rush'd
 Full opening on their minds, imprinting deep

Their country's love ; that ever in their walks,
 Some heroe rose to view, some godlike man
 To life returning met them, that they seem'd
 To walk with Heroes, and converse with Gods.
 How diff'rent far *that* storied world of chiefs
 By merit rais'd, by fairest acts enshrin'd,
 From *what* we view degen'rate, O ! how fallen
 Amidst sublimest truths : the very busts
 Start at our morals, blushing at our shame.
 Yet hear the tombs, those preachers of sound truth ;
 Who thoughtless tread the pleasurable path
 Of folly, ye who dance the flowery round,
 Ye fluttering insects of a day, reflect
 What kindred swarms, in fortune's sunshine, bask,
 Or play, regardless of impending fate !
 Wheree'er we walk, whene'er on verdant bank
 We lie reclin'd, or sport on flowery mead ;
 What curious symmetry of plant, or herb ;
 What many a tender thread, or fibre crush'd,
 Spreads ruin to the tenants of the soil !
 What slaughter'd insects shew th' ensanguin'd field !
 What myriads groan, and gasping breathless lye
 Beneath our hostile stride convuls'd ! yet we
 Destroyers great, as the *Pelleian* youth,
 Pass on regardless, nor a *Cæsar* more
 In all his battles flew, than we in play.

Sport we with lives, thus senseless, and not shed
 One feeling tear? when, ere to birth they rise,
 Or take the universal boon, they die!

Yet, if th' omnipotent creative hand
 Resume his favours; and his arrows send,
 His swift-wing'd messengers of death; how apt
 To charge him partial, ready to arraign
 The sovereign justice, and rejudge the God,
 Arrest his thunder, and his lightning wield,
 Unless they're pointed at our guiltless foe.

Earthquakes, eruptions, pestilence annoy,
 Raging as tyrants o'er the civil world;
 Or headstrong passions in the moral frame;
 Chain'd in their several cells they harmless sleep,
 Till summon'd forth the instruments of wrath;
 The heavy scourges of a guilty land.
 Man sleeps a deadly sleep, while winged death,
 In various shape flies hovering o'er his head,
 With hand uplifted; while electric fires,
 Pure lambent flames play round him; nor yet sees,
 What keeps thus cool the undulating blast,
 The hand, that curbs it bursting into flames;
 That makes each, other elements correct,
 From mutual contests general peace maintains,
 Their storms, but preludes to th' ensuing calm.
 Behold the period of all human bliss!

150 A POEM WRITTEN

The short-liv'd span of sublunary pomp !
 And does not every incident of life
 Remind us of th' inevitable change ?
 Or sleep we senseless of th' approaching night ?
 Or need we *Philip's* monitor, or *Young's*
 Immortal muse to preach that "*all must die?*"
 Yes, yes, with *Anaxagoras* we own
 The Herald just, and that we are but men !

Here those, whose arms could mighty princes
 curb,
 Arrest their thunders, and their storms outbrave ;
 Whose tongues could dictate laws to wondering
 states,
 Whose eloquence mellifluous flow'd, whose words
 Potent as others' armed hosts, now lie
 Low as their slaves, and silent as the tomb.
 And here, O very late ! and not till try'd
 All human happiness, till past the stage
 Of every honour ; till complete thine own,
 And all thy country's good, alas ! must thou,
 No better than thy fathers. * — here the hands,
 That reach'd out bounty to th' industrious poor,
 And ne'er return'd without a blessing, now
 As helpless lie, themselves the food of worms.
 The feet, which unconfined, each land, each clime,

* I. Kings, c. 19, v. 4.

Had travers'd to transplant each foreign fruit,
 The beauty of each soil, to this fair spot,
 Whose lovely impress every fairest flower
 Rejoic'd to welcome ; and whose voice was heard
 With admiration in far distant strands,
 The joy of thousands ; whom the *Ottoman* chiefs,
 The *Reis-Efendi*, and the *Caimacan*,
 Delighted most to honour, fetter'd stand
 Within the compass of that narrow round.
 His end forethought ; full bent on all his works
 Of great, and good intent ; his study hence
 Of highest excellence ; of pow'r supreme
 Through all creation spread ? then to recount
 The mercies past, and future to implore,
 Devoutly grateful ; oft to bring to view
 Th' approaching change, and humbly walk with
 GOD !

Indignant, that His house, who rules the heav'ns,
 Yet condescends to visit men, should lie,
 Of him unworthy, for themselves too vile,
 Their own more comely clean, that dome he rais'd
 Structure of decency, not proudly grand,
 A neat simplicity : what well bespoke
 The founder's elegance in stile, and taste :
 As sensible, how much th' external form
 Of well-proportion'd beauty strikes the soul,

152 A POEM WRITTEN

With correspondent holiness, excites
 The love of order, decency in act,
 A duteous sense, a reverential awe.
 Not like bold *Harry* rushing to reform,
 With more than *Vandal* rage, his savage eye
 With devastation gluts, o'er rubbish strides,
 Demolish'd temples pious work of *Goths*;
 Scarce owns religion, save where cloath'd in rags,
 Nor virtue, if not groveling in the dust.

Where shines a taste more amiable, than where
 To piety devote? which, when the stars
 In wrecks decay, and worlds immense shall sink
 In one dread conflagration, — shall appear
 In ever glowing splendor, will ascend
 As hallow'd incense to the throne of grace.
 When not for ostentatious pomp, but use,
 And sense, and virtue as at first ordain'd,
 The arts subserve, with nature hand in hand
 They go, each grace attendant on their steps;
 Truth her resemblance fair, and smiling sees,
 And true religion consecrates the shrine.

Yon rising lawn, in verdure lovely clad,
 Fed by that stream, and heav'n-descending dews,
 Full to the sight displays the goodly pile,
 To ages hence, his monumental love
 Of pure religion, and that purest church,

From superstitious, and from pompous rites,
Alike remote, alone it's bulwark, Truth,
Without it, sensible that all is vain,
That all must end, but his commandment's broad. *

Say, politician, is it all a cheat,
A trick of state, to fetter vulgar minds,
And awe them into order? why it's rise
Dar'st thou depreciate, while it's pow'r thou
own'st?

Hear him, another *Solomon*, from age,
And long experience, best instructors, speak;
Hear him, though dead, he preaches to thee "all
" Besides is vanity, and thou a cheat!"

Go to the *Hermit's* humble cave, return †
Philosopher, and own thyself—a FOOL!

Say, from these scenes of nature's works, this plan,
By art well executed, who can doubt
An infinite contriver, ruling all,
Directing every part to ends best known
To him alone, by us inscrutable,
Unless from works well-plann'd like these? Say
who,

In dull insensibility of joy,

* The Inscription over the hermitage.

† The description and account of this see in the episode to
the Hermit.

154 A POEM WRITTEN

Can view these variegated scenes? nor once,
In thought anticipate the blissful plains?
Say who, amidst the mingling blaze of gems,
Of spars, of min'rals, can continue blind
To beauty? who, amidst those sweetest flow'rs,
More fragrant than the breeze on Indian shores,
Can rest insensible to charms like these? —

Hail to the living Genius of my lay!
Hail to the mem'ry of his absent friend,
Still must I deem him with us, while these works
Speak loudly of his praise, whose every scene
Presents such lively portraits of his taste.

Hail to the *Manes* of that fostering hand,
Guide of his infant steps! long live thy name,
If monumental stone, or verse avail,
Green as the ivy-wreaths, that crown thy tomb.

All hail that Genius, who his manly taste
Form'd to politer arts; who pour'd the rays
Pure on his opening mind; imprinted forms
Of all that's excellent, august, and fair,
In all these scenes express'd; who gave his soul
To think with dignity, and charm with grace
Resistless, winning! O! *Achates* dear!
Faithful companion of his travels, hail!
Long may thy tomb to future times remain
Memorial, Thine, of merit, His of love!

These are your works, the present must admire,
 And future ages learn to imitate!
 Oft as the poor their labours shall review,
 As oft their bounty they recount; as oft
 They wish, new works, new patrons would arise,
 New charities, best made rewards of toil!
 See, new woods court thy forming hand, new lawns
 Claim thy enlivening ray: thee greet these groves;
 For thee their honours shed, to shade thy seat
 Their tendrils twine; their warbling tenants wait,
 For thee reserving sweetest notes of praise!

From such examples, such a taste, the earth
 Another form assumes; new groves arise
 On barren heaths; uncultivated lands
 Afresh shall bloom with honours not their own.
 New roads, like these, shall with the ancient vie,
 Of *Appius*, or *Flaminius*, though, proud pomp,
 No tyrant Emperors in triumph ride,
 Loading the earth oppress'd with all the weight
 Of greatness; and the spoils of plundered states;
 These joy to see (and far more welcome sight!)
 A nobler presence, and more hopeful sons;
 Such as the *Drusi*, or the *Decian* chiefs,
 Of all their father's virtues emulous,
 Predicting blessings to far distant times,
 Diffusing health, and spirit, where they pass,

156 A P O E M W R I T T E N

See in thy blooming heirs thyself reviv'd,
 Thine ancestors' with *Argyll's* merit join'd,
 In senate, council, or in camp to plead,
 Or fight for Liberty, and injur'd worth.
 From heroes such, by education train'd
 To manliest deeds, O! may their progeny
 In fairest actions shine, to ages hence
 Patterns of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace!
 Then with new vigour shall our ALBION rise,
 With graces blooming, ev'ry virtue strong,
 Of future times, as of the past, the pride ;
 As far oe'r other nations eminent
 In virtue, as this spot in every taste!

Hail to *Devonia*, native land, all hail!
 Fertile of ev'ry charm ; where those reside,
 Whose words give laws to distant lands ; where
 those

Whose eyes, not less commanding, shoot around
 Their darts, and make the stricken lovers weep.
 Thrice happy they, who feel their gentle sway,
 And with their wound a cure ! Long may thy sons,
 Amidst a varying world, the champions stand
 Of ancient freedom ! May thy daughters fair
 Reign in our hearts, as still their grandfires live
 In faithful memory ; still may the arts
 Own thine their patrons, and beneath their suns,

Extensive flourish; long, O! may'st thou hear
Thyself the envy of far-distant lands.

Thy schools for education plann'd, whence come
Worthies of ev'ry rank, for ev'ry art
Renown'd, to counsel whether, or to plead;
To fight, or preach well vers'd — Thy noblest
roads,

Such as e'en *Rome*, when mistress of the world,
Would not disdain to look on, fain would I
Commend, if commendations such they need,
To add one beauty, where's all matchless grace.

Lo! fair-arch'd bridges, and those fairer streams,
Which underneath in silver currents flow,
Through meads *Theſſalian*, and as *Tempe* fair,
And new inviting walks, and allies green,
And lofty tow'rs, of pious *Saxons'* art
Eternal monuments! the sacred domes,
Bulwarks of faith, tokens of antient zeal! —

Still would I make thee subject of my lay,
Theme of my livelier, and my graver thoughts;
Still would I commune with thee in my song;
Still would I listen to thy falling floods;
Still hear thy murmuring streams, thy echoing vales,
As on thy mossy banks, at ease, reclin'd,
Sooth'd by thy Zephyrs gently whispering; still
Hang o'er thy brooks impassion'd, and invoke

Thy Genius, as *Eugenio*, to my lay
Not inauspicious — but yon eminent down *,
Proudly surveying all these beauteous scenes,
Sad thought renews of soon-revolving toils.
Soon must I leave, for crabbed science, leave
This plenty for penurious fare ; these groves
Though oft frequented, ever with delight ;
These lawns, these arbours, for wide opening plains,
Of southern heat, or hyperborean cold ;
These gay delightful hours too soon exchang'd
For tedious solitude, and anxious thought.
Yet will thy lov'd idea rise to view
In distant regions, all their seats delight
No more, all other beauties lose their charms.
Still shall my spirit linger o'er these scenes,
Those hallow'd springs revisiting, unseen,
Weaving fresh chaplets for thine honour'd brow.
Ever o'er thee the muse will hovering fly,
Thou be the theme, and flourish in her song.
Sooner yon murmuring rills forget to flow ;
Yon silver stream to wind along the vale ;
That arch to bend, those obelisks to rise ;
The fish to leap, the smooth canal to shine ;
Or birds to warble, vocal vales to ring ;
Than I can cease on *Doric* reed to sound,
To distant swains, the sweets of CASTLE-HILL.

* Oxford Down.

O N

The CONSTITUTION of NATURE.

MANY are the definitions given us of nature, by some of the antients; and as many we have from the moderns. What I mean by it is, that constitution, which is established in this world by the Deity, and those laws, and that order which causes observe in producing effects. What the world antiently was, it concerns us not so much to know, as how to manage in the present. The flowery descriptions, given us by some, are the creatures of their own fancy, serving only to make us dislike our own state, in their opinions, not so eligible; but in our judgment, probably not so fanciful, not unworthy of them. We know nothing more of that, than what scripture has explain'd to us of it. All besides is conjectural, and all other accounts are only corrupted traditions, most of them unphilosophical, all of them chimerical.

Taking the world as you find it, making the best of it, the only question is, whether there are not sufficient marks yet remaining of the creator's wisdom, and goodness, enough to make us admire the one, and adore the other; inspiring us with gratitude, while they strike us with wonder.

There

There are two principal kinds of perfection ; the one, which is absolute, comprehending all possible perfection, and applicable only to the Deity : signifying the same as a metaphysical infinity. The other is relative ; implying only, that a thing has all that is requisite for its respective uses, and nature, answerable to the usual laws, and functions, of things of the same kind, and order. Thus a tree is said to be perfect, which has the usual organization. There is another species of perfection, such as what may be called beauty ; an idea, which results from the nice texture, and harmony of parts ; sometimes is the effect of some parts of more distinguished excellence, than others ; sometimes of all the parts taken together.

Some things never were, others cease to be of that service to us, others are, or have been. Others are of a comparatively less curious texture. Of some we know the uses, of more we do not ; hence some are beneficial, others are not. Though then we cannot say they are all equally useful to us, or all of like beauty, or perfection ; it will be equally as absurd to deny them as much perfection, as much proportion, and use in their kind, as their author intended they should have, Who has made every thing in number, weight, and measure, however difficult it may be to short-sighted man to discover it.

On

The constitution of nature shews, that there is a great variety of beings, and order subsisting under that great necessary variety; things mutually dependant on, and supporting each other; wherein, misapplications excepted, nothing is, or was intended to be, really usefess, nothing, barring obstructions, irregular, considering the ends, for which they were ordained, the rank allotted them in this scale of beings, and the particular uses they are to answer, especially in the universal system.—But to this the case of the brute creation has been opposed, and I never saw rationally solved, though sometimes attempted. The objection lies not, that they are usefess, but some of them noxious; and, therefore, inconsistent with that harmony, and regularity, above contended for.

That some are noxious among that, as well as our own species, is no more to be denied, than it is to be wondered at. Nor ought it to be more objected, as a weakness in one system, than in the other. For, grant it at present an irregularity, this system has allowances for it. Who will assert it has all the perfection, it ever had, or might have possessed? There being no motive, to induce the Deity, to communicate more, or any reason to persuade us to believe, he has imparted less, than is proper for their nature, and rank. No more can it be denied, to be an irregularity, than it is

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asserted,

asserted, not to be beneficial. If their natures are different, the ends may be so too. And why may not even the same ends, on the whole, be answered by different means, and in divers methods ?

Again, nature, though she intends not any thing monstrous, may accidentally produce it; and it is as absurd to have an ill idea of nature's productions from thence, as it is to say, that all men are brutes, because some may be found to degrade themselves.

But if nature intends all for the best, if she works as regularly, in the production of a monster, or in the preservation of a brute, as in the most beautiful, or most sensible thing in the universe; and if the ends of Providence may be as clearly seen, by an attentive eye, with as much perspicuity in the one, as the other; and in the lowest, and minuteest, as in the highest, or greatest things; then, it will be no more an objection to providence, that there are some noxious brutes, than that there are also hurtful, and some execrable men, greater monsters in the moral, than any in the natural world. For, what are all tyrants, but pests of mankind? What are all heroes, but, in some sort, destroyers? but no one can say, these have not their uses, though both are not in an equal degree, or in the same respect useful.

Nor

Nor will the designs of Providence be less found in the case of bad, than it is apparent in that of the good. Storms, and tempests, frost, and cold, are as necessary for the general system, and expedient for us, and as much fulfil his word, and the ends, he had in view, as the benigneſt weather, or warmeſt ſunſhine ; when, in reality, we owe the one to, only as it precedes, and makes way for, the other, by calming the air, renewing the loſt vigour of the earth, and beautifying it, by expelling, what had before deformed it.

This being the caſe of ſtorms, and hurricanes, volcanos, and earthquakes, commonly urged as natural illſ, and ſo they may be to thoſe, who ſhall be ſufferers : let us conſider, in the next place, the queſtion, in regard to noxious animals, &c. That there are ſuch, is viſible, and, that they answer ſome good end, is no leſs apparent ; but how, or where, they are ſuch, is a difficulty, ^ſmay be thought more curious, than uſeful to enquire. That there are ſome, and have been of old, is plain ; and that there will be ſuch after us, we may eaſily conjecture ; but that we make a due uſe of them, it concerns us moſt. For good men, we ſee, are benefited by the bad. Poiſons are rendered uſeful in the hands of a ſkilful phyſician, as the worſt parts may be meliorated, by the care of the induſtrious huſbandman. That uſeful animal, the horſe, was wild, before made ſubject

to the tamer; and man himself was no better than a wild ass's colt; and, like those creatures, to be held in with bit, and bridle: and the reason in scripture assigned for not entirely rooting out the *Canaanites*, who might be a curb upon, and fence against them, is, lest the beast of the field encrease upon them. Much, therefore, is left to the care, and management of the superior parts of the creation, to improve the lower, to maintain the balance of nature, by keeping them within bounds, or under that subjection, which we first asserted to be from the course of nature, apparent, and which are never irregular, but when, through our fault, they are suffered, if that can be, to deviate from it. If that can be, I say, because it is in the nature of a beast to eat as such, and, of a noxious animal, to annoy, when in fear of famine, or an assault.

Hence, for their support, and preservation, some have strength, and fierceness; others agility, and cunning, to avoid, or defend themselves against their aggressors. In this view, the poison of serpents, and the fierceness of some animals are easily defensible; who are wont not to assail any, but either in their own defence, or when impelled by some craving appetite, as lust, or hunger. And, in this, how differ they from many of a higher species, who seem as much to be governed by a
brutal

brutal courage, or brutal appetite, or principles not better suited to, or more to the honour of, their rank and species? But say, in a moral sense, that they are scourges to a vitious world; as would be more apparent, were they more to encrease upon us, as those, that are most useful to us, generally do; when noxious animals are not observed to be so very prolific.

Many of them are often very shy, and many very tame, in their natural state; and the inhabitants, where they are, know very well how to manage, or avoid them. Some are useful in their lives; others not till after their Death; like some of our own species, who are best when absent; and never more useful, than when they make room for others; their bodies going, as herbs, or what else they fed on, to be aliment, as they have sometimes been a nidus, to others; and, at last, refund to the earth, what they had borrowed from it; circulating thus the benefits of nature, making every thing in it's life, or death, some way, or other, useful: And as in their stomachs the most heterogeneous things, when digested, become salutary; the most poisonous, duly prepared, become no less restorative, and healthful to us.

Why those things are as above stated, is another question. Taking things, not as we would here have had them, but, as we find them;
and

and endeavouring to account for the proceedings of Providence, rather than to object, because we do not understand; many things may have their uses, though we may be unacquainted with them; and be serviceable to other creatures, or systems, though not immediately to us. From the analogy of nature, the presumption lies on their side, and ought to be admitted, unless we can prove to the contrary.

There is as fine mechanism in a weed, as in the most useful plant; and as wonderful contrivance in the serpent, as in the most harmless creature. I enter not into the theological reason, why we have our aversions for them, or observe farther, than that, every animal knows it's enemy: and what if they are our scourges? the moral world admits of such ills, or what we are pleased to call so; and in the natural world, they make a great part of it. Those countries, which were the first that were blessed with the light of the Gospel, are now full of Idolaters, and Infidels; and the once renowned seats of learning, are literally full of hissing. For our negligence, and for our wickedness, a fruitful land is become barren, and well cultivated lands, a wilderness. The same is observed of the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as many other places, once classic ground: the present inhabitants

inhabitants are suited to their situations, and, that nothing may be void, these once renowned seats are become a nursery of wild beasts, and filthy reptiles. Now, their increase is a sin of negligence, and curse on man's wickedness; however, Providence restrains it, though man should not, since it is in our power to remove the one, and prevent the other.

Such is the connexion of the moral, and natural world, such the influence of the one on the other, that the latter seems to correspond so entirely to the former, that effects in the one might be explained by causes in the other, and many difficulties in the one might be cleared up by a greater insight into the other. Nay, further, the invisible also has, no doubt, the like influence on, and connexion with ours; that they are relatives is easily proved, the explanation of which, probably, will be hereafter our further employment.

E S S A Y II.

THE beauty of nature consists in its variety and harmony. The successive changes make the one, and the arrangement of the several orders and species of beings constitute the other. As things grow up to a certain point of maturity, they gradually decay to make room for others; and

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and thus nature renews itself through all the generations of animals, plants, and the seasons of the year.

Throughout all her changes, and works, Nature intends nothing in vain, and does nothing erroneous : hence every thing acts with a proper direction, every thing has it's respective uses : To say otherwise, is only to betray our not being favoured with them, or our ignorance of them.

But the many observeable instances of defects, of imperfections, of evils, seem, in the opinions of the many, to contradict these assertions, which in all ages have been subjects of inquiry, and in none have been satisfactorily accounted for, to the quieting minds in distress, for want of being better assured of a Providence, and knowing more of it's conduct.

The word of God informs us, that they arise from the fall of man ; the Philosophers, most of them, from man, and the abuse of his powers : though many have perplexed themselves and others by their explications ; plainly shewing, as the best of them acknowledged, they wanted a guide, and expected one from heaven to explain it.

Those of the antients, who acted on the principles of the Epicureans, as did most of the rich, and powerful, who were possessed of the means of indulging their appetites, held that indulgence

as

as their chiefest good ; and pursued all kinds of excess without any reserve, most of them without any public restraint. This was the natural result of their persuasion, that there was not an overruling Providence, or any superior, to whom they were accountable ; that even those, allowed by the state to be Gods, were not better than others ; that they were so far from discouraging, that they were the favourers, the patrons of their vices ; and that the greatest virtue among them was to be, in fact, after their example, superlatively wicked.

The best of their Philosophers very little exceeded them, in any thing, except in hypocrisy ; if it be true that so knowing a man as SOCRATES did, as he pleads in his defence, publicly sacrifice to the Gods of the country, which shewed rather his political, than real wisdom. But I am apt to believe, his true sentiments were privately known only to his scholars ; and out of resentment, for his lessening their characters afterwards, were made a true ground of accusation against him, before judges who were previously convinced of the truth. However that be, the practices of the others, were as bad, as their principles could make them ; and as they were so very like, they only wanted the abilities, and opportunities to make them very Devils.

Z

They

They were most of them fatalists ; and extremely superstitious. Such a one looks on events to be chance-work ; and that accidental, and that there is no accounting for it, as there really was no design in it, and no meaning in it, or end to be answered by it.

But the Christian Philosopher, who believes a Providence, though he sees many things are accidental, that they come alike to all, and that there is one event to all, very often, in this state, is persuaded that finally it will not be so. He sanctifies the cross accidents of life, as corrections of errors, as calls for greater prudence, as spurs to more diligence, as therefore the scourges of a tender parent, who corrects to reform ; not the signs of cruelty, but mercy ; and if properly considered, and made use of, such they have been, and ever will be found to be ; and all things may be of service to a good man, inclined to make a good use of them.

E S S A Y III.

IT is observable that all the parts of the creation, excepting man, regularly answer their respective ends ; but he, the most noble, and only reasonable, is generally the most irregular : this in all ages has been remarked, frequently complained of,

of, and as frequently lamented ; some, not knowing how to account for it on rational principles, have no less ignorantly, than rashly, charged it on God, and the fault of our creation, allowing him in words, but denying him in fact.

The Deity being the first cause of all things, must be above all things. Being their superior, he must be independent. unbounded, and infinite. Being not dependent, he is unchangeable, as not to be affected by any thing inferior, nor by any thing superior, as being above all. Consequently, whatever motion, or change there was, or is made, as to his operations, it must be from himself, from his own will : and being not to be influenced, as above all, he must be moved by, and from himself, to create, or communicate any part of his perfection. He must be then moved, if at all, from an internal principle of benevolence ; directed by infinite wisdom, as to the time of effecting any thing, the manner, and degree of communicating, i. e. as to the acts of goodness ; from him therefore, nothing of evil can result ; unless a finite degree of perfection, given in great profusion, and multiplied to great variety of beings, can be, as it must be very improperly, called so.—For things being, to answer his different purposes, and their stations, made different, various portions, and degrees of perfection, may, and must, be communicated ; and being all from his good
will

will, there can be in the creature no reasonable ground of complaint; as having what was sufficient, though less than others placed in higher degrees. — This variety in the dispensations of goodness tends to the nobler display of his wisdom, and consequently glory.

In this system of beings, in reference to the all-perfect Being, and to one another, there unavoidably must be different degrees of perfection; of course what some call absolute imperfections, though really only degrees of relative perfections, are rightly adapted to the rank, and degree they hold in the universe. The Deity himself cannot communicate, or empty himself of, all his perfections; for then he must destroy himself, have a power, or part superior to, as able to destroy, the whole. In regard to Him, all things must be imperfect, and in regard to each other. From the nature of things, they necessarily must be so, and as coming from, and ordained by, him, must be right. Our wisdom therefore will be seen in justifying it, and our prudence in acquiescing. And equally as absurd would it be, for any of us to expect, or to murmur at not having the peculiar perfections which those below us have, as it would be for any of them to require ours, when not suited to their state, and not consistent with the powers they already enjoy. Each therefore
has

has enough to be thankful for, and though less than he might wish, more than he could at all have expected.

E S S A Y IV.

THE wisdom of the Creator displayed in all his plan, for the good of the universe, the regularity of the several subordinate ends, and the uniformity of all the means to that supreme will, that directs, and that ultimate end, which in due time they are to answer, cannot be too religiously considered, or too justly admired, or with gratitude sufficient acknowledged. But such is the weakness of some, and perverseness of others; if the operations of nature are plain, and simple, some will complain, only because they are not more intricate: if more complicated, and less intelligible, then with the Prince of *Arragon*, they will be apt to say, they could have contrived it better. The last arguing as much vanity, as impiety; the former being often the cause of the latter, and both of very great ignorance. The niceness of a machine being seen by the neatness of its movements, is always the more admired, for producing the greater effects, by the simplest means.

And

And do we not see in the great machine of the world, the most wonderful operations effected by the most simple causes? has not the earth we tread on the seeds of our well or ill being? is not every herb we make use of charged with it's commission of life, or death to us? may not every thing we eat, or drink, be turned to poison? every breath of air be winged with vengeance? and that they are not oftner the instruments of wrath, what can it be owing to, but the all-wise Disposer, and Ruler of the universe, who really interposes, and acts in every effect of Nature, and turneth the issues, whithersoever he will? how blind is he towards him who directs the forked lightning where to strike, and the thunder to fall; when man looks up to the hand that wields the bolt, and is unthankful to him that sitteth above the water-floods, for the many deliverances he has met with, and the many mercies vouchsafed to him! Since, even in wrath, he then most thinketh on mercy; and on repentance, and a change of measures, he suspends the evil he had thoughts of bringing on, and makes us instances, nay miracles, of his mercy.

But this referring causes, and their issues to Providence, this sanctifying the accidents of life may be thought to resolve every thing into an uncontrollable agency; so as to take off the freedom of human will, and moral action.

Though

Though God is supreme, his government is moral, including the freedom we daily experience: his foreknowledge no more pre-ordains any thing future, than our knowledge can any thing present. The nature in both is the same though the degrees are different. Knowledge only pre-supposes, not makes the existence of any thing.

And however, in excuse for their faults, bad men only attribute them to an over-influencing power, when they should rather resolve them into their own ungovernable appetites; a prudent man will leave very little to fortune, or accident, but provide against the worst, by endeavouring to act for the best: and where he cannot foresee what may be the consequences, or cannot guard against the accidents, which may interrupt, or even the difficulties, which may obstruct; his prudence will be seen in the one, his fortitude in the other, and his philosophy in all.

The established order of the universe has been urged as another argument for superseding human agency, as well as that of the Deity; which rather shews the one, and actually proves the other; for the chain of causes, and effects cannot exclude either; cannot subsist without the one, or in some case act without the subserviency of the other.

Much is left to human Prudence for improvement, though the order of causes, and effects

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is such, that nothing of an irregularity, so much complained of, is to be seen, rather every thing happens according to the concurrence of the causes, the knowledge of which would unravel those things, which at present would seem anomalous, only from our ignorance.

It is for want of this knowledge, that we are so much startled at events, which common sagacity might have taught, or enabled us to foresee, or common prudence might have otherwise disposed, or a little more philosophy might have persuaded us to bear with more patience; and this attention would have directed us to account for things on natural principles, and through them to look up to him, who governs through them the material world; superintends all their motions, that none of them may fail in their operations; and when things which are obnoxious come to a crisis, that they may have, in general, a beneficial event: thus deducing good out of what is esteemed evil, and alarming; uncommon, and offensive to particulars; though on the whole, as necessary to the natural state, in a subserviency to the moral world, as any thing else in nature.

That there are some inconveniences in every state, and view, is not dissembled; and they will have their use, if they make us look up to, and prepare for, a better; but that there are such,

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or so many evils, as some splenetic pretenders to philosophy from their own ill humours alledge, is absolutely denied, as well as that they could be remedied, as far as we see, without creating much greater: and every other position is justly chargeable with greater, than the present oblique sphere: This has been, and might be easily proved; but though some cannot be satisfied, we are convinced that there are no faults so small, which spleen cannot, when it is willing, descry; no evil so great, as what ourselves are pleased to make, nor more difficulties than what are raised by ignorance, and supported by indolence; since a greater application has been found capable of tracing out the one, and a greater insight into the works of nature will explain the other; and more industry, and care amend whatever is amiss in all of us.

If some are more highly favoured than others; and themselves, or their ancestors, have been more industrious, and more vigilant, whilst others have been more idle, and have slept, less attentive to their interests; their wealth, tho' the price of labour, is a blessing from Providence on it, and is only to make them the more grateful to Him, and more useful and more charitable to the necessitous; were there none, they could not exercise that virtue; and the less they may deserve, the more is the merit in those that regard them. What is more than ne-

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cessary to the supply of the husbandman, as the reward of his labour, goes to the feeding the fowls of the air; for these seek their meat from God, and the seed of trees are multiplied in such abundance to supply their necessities; and why should the rich man withhold, when a little will supply the cravings of nature; when a little more might deliver many from the temptations of poverty; and what makes the possessors, for want of knowing how to use them, only wicked, and wretched.

Natural evils are as nothing, in comparison of what we create to ourselves, or suffer from our fellow-creatures: witness the wars, the devastations, the cruelties we now hear of, in our neighbouring countries: When the judgments of the Lord are in the land, the inhabitants thereof should learn righteousness.

The APPLICATION.

GOD having created every thing after it's kind, assign'd to each it's respective uses. These are the characteristic of their constitution; from them the intention of nature is known. The application of them agreeably to those uses, is using things as they are according to their nature, and the will of their Creator.

Hence

Hence the abusing any creatures out of wantonness, to satisfy our vicious appetites, is wrong and sinful; as it is to satisfy an appetite, which is itself depraved, and therefore unnatural; and is abusing a creature, to other purposes, than what it was intended for; and a creature which is not our own, but God's; and to him we are answerable for it's perversion; and was only given us to be used lawfully, and not for our hurt, to the inflaming our appetites, and further corrupting our natures. Hence we see abstinence has a foundation in nature, is reasonable, is expedient; and luxury of every kind is wrong, is detrimental, is sinful. Thus by following nature, the Ancients never meant unbridled appetite, but that only which is subservient to reason, or in other words, our rational nature; not the law in our members, which is corrupt, bringing us into subjection to our appetites, to the law of sin. And this abstinence is necessary to the regulation of appetites, and our constitutional health, preserving the balance of the animal and rational powers, to comply with more salutary persuasions, and higher duties of far superior obligations.

II. The application of things to their proper uses is right conduct: from that naturally results a complacency: as from the reverse, dissatisfaction. A manifest sign, that reason approves of the one, and is ashamed of the other. This is the approving

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or self-condemning conscience the *Apostle speaks of. Every moral, or reasonable agent will therefore act what is right, what is agreeable to his true nature, and right reason, and what is approved of by his conscience, and allowed of by his Maker. This is the following nature, so much talked of, but little understood, and less practised, which the antient moralists always meant, or ought to have meant, by that term; and which agrees with what the moderns express by moral sense, natural law, or conscience. And the observation of this, according to the fitness of things, is a propriety, a decency of behaviour; in the natural world, is treating things as they are, and in the moral world, as they ought to be, for the sake of our private utility, and in that, the general benefit of all.

From the application of certain things to our senses, we have the ideas of pleasure, and pain; of what is agreeable, or disagreeable to our nature. The former we call good, the other evil. In a comparison, we see some are greater than others. Therefore our desire of happiness prudently makes us chuse the one, and have an aversion for the other. To vice we see certain degrees of pleasure sometimes are annexed; pleasure therefore cannot be the sole characteristic of happiness; vicious pleasure is not pure in the enjoyment, or sweet in the reflec-

Romans ii. verse 15.

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tion, therefore is not that which constitutes happiness. It must be therefore what is similar; or a part of it, that is the pleasure in question; only that which is rational, which is agreeable to nature; and not that which is in wrong conduct, or the practice of vice. And the exercise of our senses, and faculties can be no further right, than as they are exercised in the ways of virtue, with moral restraints.

The means for procuring it, must be such as are adapted to that end; and what, but such as are congenial, can be so well adapted? And if the virtues are of like nature, if happiness be but an aggregate of all goods, the virtues can be the only means of procuring them, and the sole object of every rational, and moral agent.

The appetites, the result of our animal, or sensitive powers, may chuse other objects, and such as are most familiar, and striking: hence are wrong elections, and bad habits, whenever the passions, which should be under rule, get the ascendancy: for which reason, our inclinations should be crossed, or the first tendencies to wrong objects should be regulated, and directed; all which will occasion, at first, some kind of uneasiness; and wholesome discipline will be painful severity, and the more so, the longer they have been disused to the rein; the more they have been accustomed to indulgencies; and so much the harder, the stronger
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the constitution ; yet necessary it is they should give way to reason, and that conscience may have her full weight in every decision. Here religion comes in to disengage it from the slavery of the passions, and to alienate them from those sensual gratifications, which are as hurtful to the health of the body, as destructive to that of the soul.

From hence we see, a riotous abuse even of what the Deity grants us, is the perversion of his blessings into curses ; creating those headstrong appetites, which reason was given us to subject ; and those evils, which the observance of it would prevent. Wherefore to virtue is providentially annexed the natural rewards of good, as a counterbalance to those, which by perversion are bestowed, and attendant, on vice, i. e. whenever the vicious are in combination against the good, or the good do not sufficiently discountenance the vicious, to the confounding, as far as the laws of reputation can reach, the essential distinctions betwixt things which is, whenever virtue is represented unfavourable, and vice is set off as amiable, or not enough detestable. Wherefore all laws, as founded on right, and all human laws, which are in aid of the divine, are for the preserving that distinction ; by their sanctions, punishing the one, and giving to the other the rewards of their virtuous industry ; securing their property, legally acquired, from the invasions of
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the negligent and abandoned. In aid also of these the law of reputation publickly ought to countenance, what conscience approves ; and outward shame be the mark of every thing dishonest.

While the difficulties are laid on wrong conduct, ought they not to be removed from the good ; ought not greater encouragements to be given to virtuous industry ? Much in the natural world is left to be rectified ; and still more in the moral world. Worse passions spring up in this neglected soil, and worse plagues are engendered ; more monsters are bred here, than ever infested the deserts of *Æthiopia*, to the scandal of the human species, and the disturbance of the general welfare.

Righteousness will not look down from heaven, when it has nothing on earth conformable to it ; neither can it be expected to spring out of the earth, when either no seed of it is sown, or there is something worse than briars, and thorns to choak it.

As the Deity acts in this constitution by ordinary means, we must second his good intentions, and art must complete what nature has begun. The soil will not be fertile, without proper cultivation : If we expect a plentiful harvest, the seeds time must not be neglected.

Right principles are to the political, what good seed is to the natural, system. Education must plant, and government must encourage, would it either have them flourish, or even itself long subsist ; since there is no basis for it, but that of true
virtue

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virtue, and no true virtue without religion. How then can it better answer it's ends, and it's best interest, how more effectually promote true religion, and useful learning, than by distinguishing the eminent patterns of both ?

The good manners of any people constitute their character, and this gives them their fame, and their influence abroad, and their best security, and welfare at home. 'Tis not the air, but the polity of any country, that forms the manners, and constitutional character. The inclinations are easily seen, it is the business of a governor to give the proper direction, and cast, to divert them from any thing wrong, to correct the bad tendencies by early education ; and their male influence, if any, by timely regulations. He will then encourage arts and sciences ; and their study furnishes, and improves, the mind with exalted ideas, and their practice gives them habits of industry, habits of virtue ; no trade can be without them, every trade may be advanced by them. He will also encourage manufactures, as they give them employment ; it is not the multiplicity of inhabitants, but their industry, that is their strength, and glory, that makes them robust to undergo the difficulties, and courageous to attempt them ; that gives them activity to exert their powers, and cheerfulness that constitutes that activity, and that health which constitutes both.

O D E.



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G O V E R N M E N T.

FROM the order, and good harmony of every part of this universe, especially in this visible system, we may easily trace the marks of God's wisdom, in governing, and presume the same obtains as to the invisible. As every effect must have its proportionate cause, acting in a regularly constituted order; we are forced to acknowledge a presiding Intelligence, or Mind, as the *Platonists* have it, that constituted those various, yet harmoniously agreeing parts by his power; and still maintains them by the like influence.

From the same visible designs, running thro' the course of all nature, which is but a series of his operations, secondary causes working all in a subserviency to his appointed laws; we may further collect the continued agency of the same intelligent cause, tying, and connecting the whole. And through all the parts of it, whether unknowingly governed by instinct, or persuaded by rea-

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son, the same uniformity of conduct, and good government, suited to their several natures respectively, may be sketched out. Which shews, through the variety of these dispensations, in such wonderful order adjusted, in this uniform plan, the Will of an invisible, intelligent cause, that every thing should be done in like order: The self-same spirit working in all, dividing to every one severally as he will.

By his impression, and attractive influence, as the inanimate, so the brute, and rational ranks are severally, and in this respect to them, as blindly directed; for they have desires in common, only these are by instinct, as that by assimilation, each to its several class unknowingly impelled to unite, or agree; though reason, afterwards, will demonstrate to us the aptitude, and the necessity of such a connexion, to the support of the general frame of what is called nature.

By his Will man was accordingly made, to promote his own, and the happiness of others, a social being; endowed, above all others, with an intellect to apprehend, and a tongue to speak the truth to his neighbours; with affections to incline him to it; and wants to force him to it, more than he is able to supply by his industry, in a state of independency: subject to mental errors, which will call for amendment, to bodily pains, for remedies, and to accidents,

accidents, which may ask for extraordinary assistances from arts, which can only be cultivated by the joint efforts, and encouragement of many; who, as their interests may interfere, too partial in their own favour, less just to the merit of others, especially when their passions are raised by emulation, or misguided, perhaps exasperated by envy, may want also some rule to restrain them, and precepts to direct them, as well for the preventing incroachment from supereminent powers, as to confine them within the sphere of action, to which, by Nature, they are best adapted; and in which consists their greatest perfection. For, as she designs they should be freely exerted, they never can be properly, unless restrained. For even that liberty itself, that grand prerogative of man, is no longer such, but becomes licentious without it; and those very passions, the sources of noble achievements, in their progress oft boundless, so apt to overflow, and be very detrimental, when kept within their proper channel, become only the more extensively beneficial. An uncontrouled use, from a natural equality, would interfere with, and might also obstruct others in their exertions, and injure them in their interests: Wherefore to limit is but to prevent confusion; to restrain, that in their several provinces, they might the better exert their natural powers, and to greater advantage.

“ As there is no motion given, by the hand

“ of infinite power to any body, but what an-
 “ swers the end of that being, and is useful to
 “ it ; so there is no law given to man by our
 “ great creator ; though never so restrictive, but
 “ what is entirely beneficial to him, and tends to
 “ the preservation of his being, or continuation
 “ of his happiness : so that the true nature of
 “ every law is, that it tends to the support, and
 “ preservation of that being, which is to be di-
 “ rected, and governed by it.”*

That man is capable of being obliged, and fit to be directed, has been already proved † and may be taken for granted, from the generality, so fond of imitation, so easily submitting to direction, when they are sensible of its use ; and to wealth, which all are sensible enough of, how few soever may possess, or profess it ; and from their veneration for authority, and men of distinction ; for property has power, and preferment properly implies, and, in their opinion, still carries with it, an idea of excellence, or superiority in abilities, and usefulness ; from such, out of a sense of their own wants, and weakness, and the abilities, and willingness of others to aid them, they naturally expect, and are glad of assistances, and grateful for benefits, and ready to acknowledge, and return the obligations.

* Lord Fortescue's preface to his Reports.

† Page 7, volume I.

As these wants will crave supplies, and wild nature demand cultivation : this will make good offices necessary, and intercourse unavoidable ; this will create friendships, mutual commerce, obligations, and alliances ; and these again often particular, and some separate interests, which from the growing accessions of power, either from superior capacities, or larger improvements, will naturally introduce property, as the peculiar effect, and natural reward of, and blessing on, private industry ; and the more so, the more active it is.

Now man, in such degrees of connexion, and advancement, travelling on in the greatness of power, is more than able to supply himself with necessaries, nay with conveniences, and the goods of fortune ; is yet under a necessity of labouring, as it is conducive, for exercise, to his health, as it is for employment, or even a diversion ; indolence not being agreeable to the busy mind, and active bodily powers and inclinations of man ; he must then exert them, to prevent sundry inconveniences, as well for others, as for himself ; the product of which, that it may be rightly ascertained and properly secured, will require boundaries and legal fences, penalties to enforce the observance of them, as well as rewards to excite men's vigilance, in guarding them.

Therefore,

Therefore, laws to regulate, with sanctions to oblige, and overawe, are highly necessary for ascertaining those rights, for adjusting those boundaries, and for distinguishing those properties; and afterwards keeping up those distinctions. And, it is highly reasonable, every one should enjoy the effects of his labours, and those who will not work, should not eat, neither can they, except the bread of idleness, and the bread of affliction.

As soon as property is introduced, that supposes right; that, again, a reference to some rule, or agreement expressed, or implied as to the partition of what was before common, and the enjoyments of the particular fruits, as the special effects of that labour: and that disputes (as some may arise in the best constituted states) might be settled, or their causes prevented, Magistrates are necessary to decide betwixt them, the more disinterested, the less chargeable with, as less apt to be guilty of; partiality; armed with power to enforce their decisions, for the supporting those rights, and extinguishing the rising flame of contention; which, if not timely checked, is justly compared, by the Wise Man, to the letting out of raging waters. Such laws for the determination of right, by the very supposition, must be, in themselves just; and such magistrates, exercising such powers, for the public good, legal; and ought to be submitted to, as acknowledged by those states; and highly esteemed

teemed for their work's sake, as the benefactors of not only their little societies, but, as their influence, with their example, may be extensive, the friends to mankind. Where they are good, which in the very term is supposed, they are carrying on the providential plan, executing righteousness, and literally are the ministers of God to us for good.

The CONCLUSION.

IT has hitherto been attempted to be proved, that men were designed to be social; and though, at first, naturally equal, having their faculties free, and a right to exert them as freely; yet their wants requiring supplies, and their benevolent affections, such objects as are not to be met with in a state of independence; society will be ever expedient, as it is beneficial. Some natural rights are to be foregone, some restrictions submitted to, for the greater convenience. And because even then, some particular interests may interfere, or passion, or prejudice biases; some arbitrators to determine, some authority to enforce obedience, are equally necessary, for the general tranquility.

Thus from the tendency of social principles to harmony and good order; the curbing the many turbulent passions within due bounds; the making most of them

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them serviceable, many of them not hurtful ; the improvement of arts, the enlarging of commerce, these, and many more are the fruits of good government, which never appear in a stronger light, than when they are contrasted with the fatal effects of arbitrary power seen in other countries, or known from the history of civil commotions in our own. A due reflection on them can never fail of endearing to us our own regular administration; where is rule, without a wantonness of power ; liberty restrained from licentiousness ; submission without any slavery, and property maintained without any colour of oppression ; guarded as we are by most excellent laws, when duly executed, and those made the rule of the subject's submission, and the magistrate's power.

While we hear of the fatal effects of arbitrary power in foreign states, we have all the reason imaginable to rejoice, that our lot is fallen in a better ground ; that we are free in our persons, and protected in our properties ; that we have the free course of the gospel, and a rational faith, and so many able defenders before us for ensamples : we have only to pray for a due sense of these blessings ; every thing to hope from the protection of our sovereign, and nothing to fear, from the greatness of our prosperity, but a wantonness under it.

End of the First Volume.

A P P E N D I X.



On GOVERNMENT.

DISSERTATION II.

Of the natural, and civil state of Man.

THAT man is, by nature, weak, and fallible, indigent, and helpless, the faculties of his mind, and frame of his body, and his condition of life demonstrate. That he is naturally indigent, and of himself helpless, the numerous cravings of his nature, and his inabilities to supply them, without aid, in any tolerable degree, evince ; and the incompetent supplies of them, even now, as loudly speak it.

Some have endeavoured to make those wants an objection to providence, which are the strongest ties of mutual amity, powerful calls on all to exert their good offices in defence, and in aid of those best virtues ; and nature never gives us wants, but it administers supplies, and those generally near at hand ; even with the poison giving the remedy ; only it leaves us to our sagacity to find them out,

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and to our industry, and prudence to apply the proper reliefs. And there is a sympathy, or fellow-feeling implanted in every creature, of which certain sounds are expressive, by every one of the same species, if not of every other, well understood, to which their tongues, generally, as well as hearts mutually respond.

These cravings of nature, these calls for supplies, and motives for mutual assistance, are plain indications of it's defects, yet efforts towards it's greater perfection, and the ties of social affection. Were there no cravings, there would indeed, there could be, no need of supplies; no pains for want of them; and no pleasure on their gratification. The calls of nature would be unnoticed, unattended to; as diseases would ensue, our condition would be helpless: As without comfort, forlorn, and wretched; without these admonitions, ruinous.

Inattention to our affairs would be the forerunner of poverty; and that indolence will cause a stagnation of spirit, as well as a cessation of good offices; and that, the neglect of every virtue, the vital energy of every state.

On the contrary, those wants make us attentive, those cravings spur us on to industry, on which depend the health of the bodily, and the vigour of the animal powers: the more troublesome they are, the more powerful their solicitations. A sense of deficiencies creates a desire to remedy them;
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naturally making us to ask the help, and in turn to contribute our assistances also to those in need, which natural sympathy powerfully inclines us to. This will shew our good sense, make us benevolent, and grateful, create friendships, form alliances, constitute societies, make commerce thrive, and arts flourish, lessening the evils of life, and consequently complaints of mankind, by the introduction of public spirit, and every thing else, that is honest, and decent, beautiful, and elegant, useful, and ornamental; things which have raised some as much above the herd of mankind, as these appear to be above the very brutes.

That the united strength, and wisdom of many are preferable to that of a few, much more of none, is plain: in a multitude of counsellors is much safety; their united wisdom, and common consent, make the laws, the voice of the people; which every reasonable man will be glad of, as certain rules for his conduct; and for his protection will accept of; for his best interest will submit to himself, and make others obey also, for their mutual, and greater advantages; and the more so, as it is agreeable to God, who wills, and chuses himself to act according to, order, and hates confusion. Hence of human laws is the moral obligation. As agreeable to the divine will, every religious man will submit to them, as they may be considered as divine; tho' the matter, and form are of human appointment,

since the institution of government, as to it's origin, is from the Almighty ; and the beneficial nature of it shews it to be a divine, and inestimable blessing, worthy of God to enjoin obedience to, and of man to be governed by, for his more extensive advantage.

The ruling principle, where dominion is centered, in every system, must be lodged some where, though it may be difficult to fix, as it is in some irregular, shifting powers to ascertain, or even discern it. In every machine, however complicated, there must be a center of gravity, about which all the parts are equally ballanced : and a center of motion, on, or about which, they freely move: and in conjoined bodies one common center, one point of oscillation, which varies with, and inclines to the greater weight or quantity of matter, where is the force. Thus as in natural, so in politic bodies ; the chief power must be somewhere, where is the collected force of the whole system, whether lodged in one, or a few, or the many.

D I S S E R T A T I O N I I I .

Of the forms of Government.

ABSOLUTE monarchy, in the hands of a good man, is, by some, reputed the best kind of government, but what is it in the hands of the bad ? 'tis but agrandising one to be more insufferably imperious than all the rest. You can the more easily

easily execute any scheme, and command a compliance, when not respect: but here is no restraint from any ill-concerted measures: and any villany may be accomplished, and iniquity itself be established by law, when the measure of it is only force; (instances of this there are many, in the Ottoman empire, and the Persian government) and no regard paid to the private judgment, or the natural rights, and liberties of any people.

Popular governments are thought free from the above objection, and is specious in idea, and much commended by Roman authors; and so it would be, very justly, were it not exchanging the dominion of one, for the tyranny of many.

What is there more imperious than a mob, besides the leaders of it? excellent judges are such men of the legality, or equity, of any proceedings; excellent governors, who are not able to think for, or conduct themselves!

An Aristocracy, therefore, betwixt both extremes, may be thought the desirable mean; but this, as it partakes of both, is doubly armed, either for good or ill, as it is directed. Neither is free from objections, and indeed what is there? but that which partakes of all the advantages, and all the powers to do good, and is curbed from doing much evil, is undoubtedly the best kind: and that is our happy constitution, governed by laws, which are made, and assented to by all orders: where each is a check on the other,

other from incroaching, and doing any thing wrong; each an incentive to the doing every thing good: where nothing is done, but with mature deliberation, and caution; nothing for the private in prejudice of, or preference to the general utility; which every man finds it his interest to promote, as his single interest is best secured, and advanced by that of the public. As in a multitude of counsellors, there will be the best chance for good counsel, among many defenders is the greatest safety. This is the constitution which has been so happily, and I may add, often so extraordinarily preserved amongst us, at the expence of the lives, and fortunes of our ancestors. And shall any of us be so far degenerate, as to give them up? can any be so timid, as not to assert them; or any even so ignorant, as not to be sensible of them?

If providence has placed any of us in retirement; let us reflect, who it is that protects us in it: and how better can we shew our gratitude, than by every opportunity, and instance of loyalty. If we cannot lend him our arms, we may possibly our counsel, and countenance; if neither of these, what may be more effectual, as they are the sinews of war, our contributions; and when can we have a better opportunity of shewing our loyalty, when of giving a greater proof of it than, in this time of war? when of carrying on the war more effectually,

ally, than when the *French* are so much enfeebled by ours, and the victorious arms of that excellent Hero of *Prussia*. Happy are the people who have such an Ally ; happier are those who have such able counsellors as we have ; happier still, if we will but be advised, and assisted by them.

APPLICATION.

IF happiness be the end of all our transactions, and is proposed as such by our Creator ; if virtue be productive of it, and the appointed means of obtaining it ; that government, which like ours, best secures the former, and it's rules which best enforce the latter, must be our duty to support, as most wonderfully, when in imminent danger, it was protected by the Deity, and is allowed of, and submitted to, by the states of the realm ; consequently, whatever interferes with those interests, so far is disagreeable to God, as it is detrimental to mankind, as it opposes the intention of his providence. And he that withdraws his assistances, much more he that disturbs the good harmony between neighbours, he that sows the seeds of jealousies, foment animosities, and public heats, as dangerous to the political, as animal œconomy, scattering arrows, firebrands, and death ; is so far
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an enemy to Godliness, as he is an enemy to peace, and a destroyer of benevolence, the bond of all peace.

Wherefore, he that feareth God, as the connexion is very close, will honour his vice-gerent; he that loves the constitution, will love that essential part of it, the KING, and not meddle with them that are given to change; but studying to be quiet, will mind his own business; what providence intended him for, and what he is best adapted to, his own sphere of action.

And since we are no longer in a state of nature, but are formed by express, or tacit consent, each of us into ranks, the refusing to act agreeably to this ordination, is a direct violation of compact, besides a tendency to the destruction of that order, and distinction, without which society cannot subsist. For how great soever the emoluments are, we cannot expect, if we do not endeavour to obtain, or deserve them. Since, in the common course of nature, the Deity works by secondary causes, and human agency; the rewards are such, as naturally result from our faculties properly exerted with his concurrence; rewards never granted to the indolent, and unworthy.

F I N I S.

